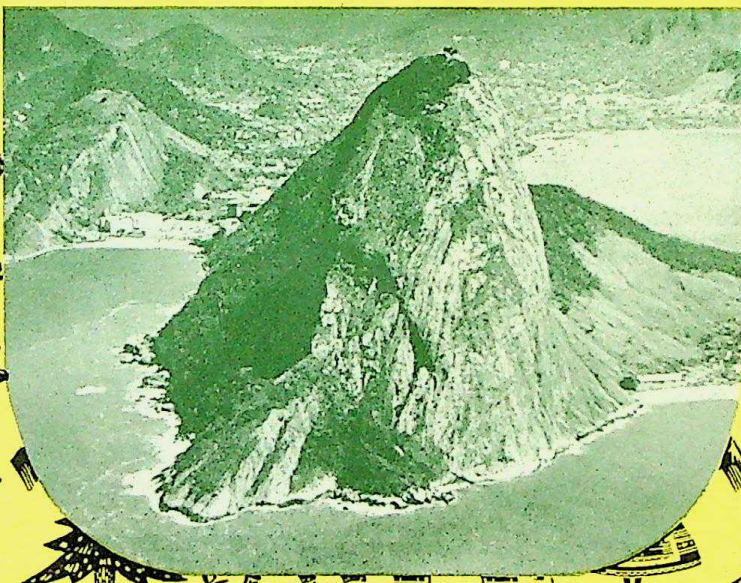


The Land  
and People of  
**BRAZIL**

**NORMAN MACDONALD**

WITH EIGHTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS



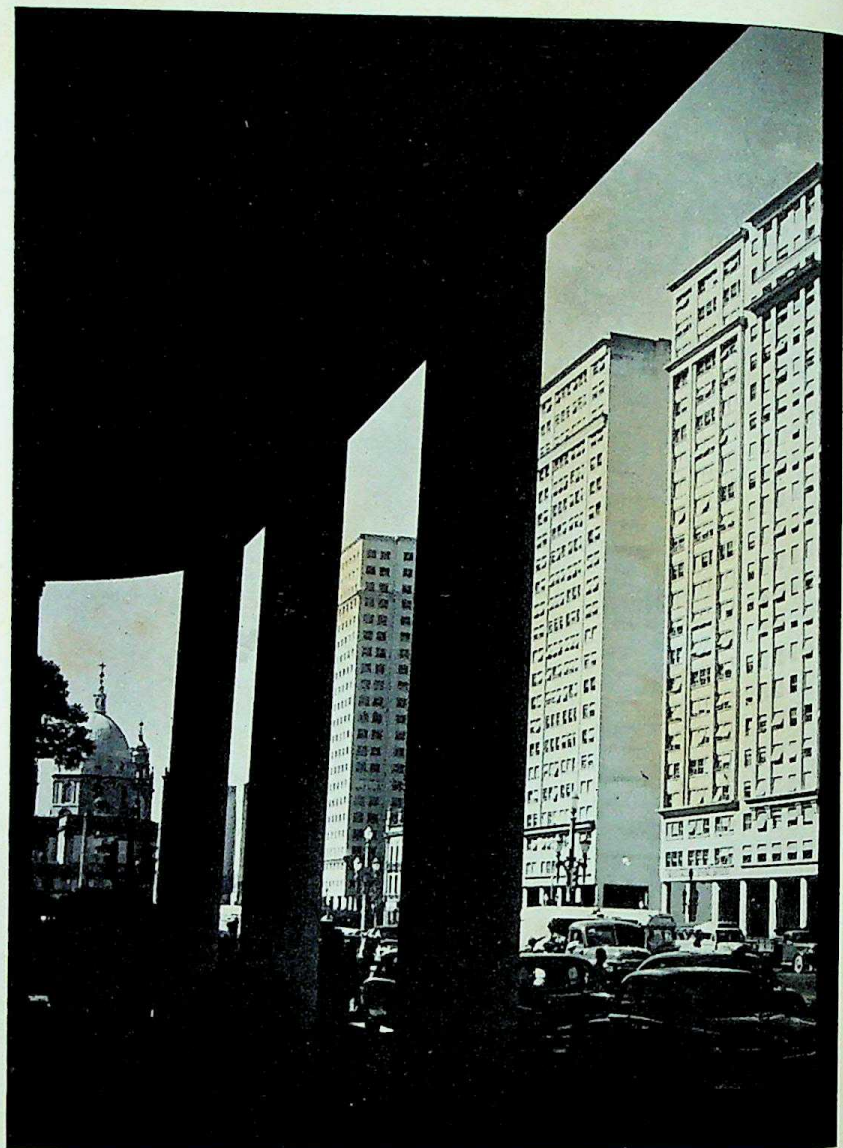


LANDS AND PEOPLES

# BRAZIL

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SKY-SCRAPERS IN RIO



*The Land and People of*  
**BRAZIL**

*by*

N. P. MACDONALD



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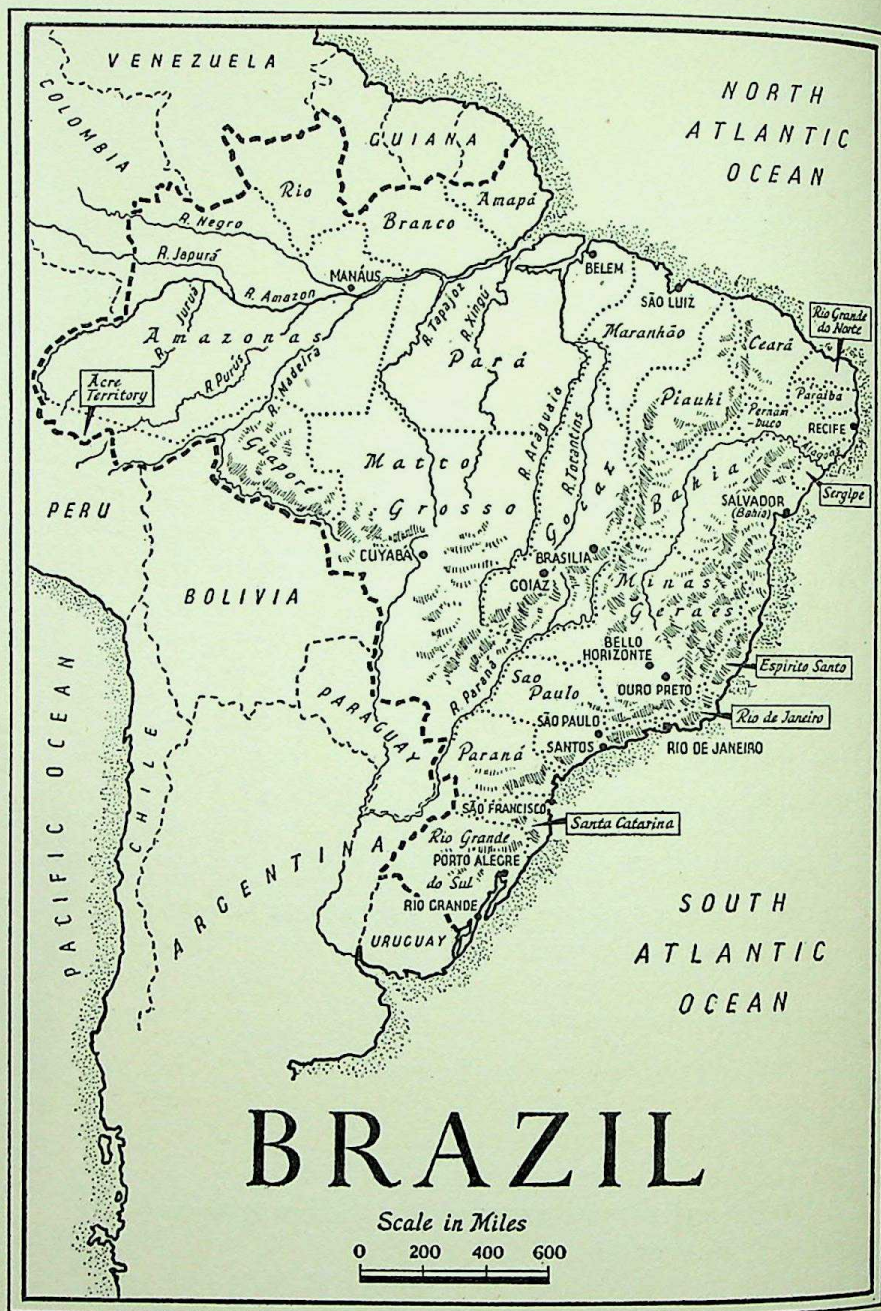




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## 1. THE LAND

EVERY map tells a story, and the map of Brazil explains how Brazil came to be settled as it was; the way in which it grew to occupy half of South America, and why it is the kind of country, and its people the kind of people that they are to-day.

Let us first look at the country in comparison with others. For instance, Brazil is the fourth largest country in the world. If you forgot Alaska it would rank third, for the whole of the United States could fit comfortably into Brazil, with room for another Texas left over. If you placed a map of Brazil over a map of Europe you would find that Brazil would stretch from Iceland to Spain, and from Finland to mid-Atlantic.

Now let us see what clues to the Brazilian story the map of Brazil itself gives us. From a physical map you will see that the country is divided into three fairly distinct regions. In the west lies the great Amazon valley. Then, more or less in the middle, comes a wide, upland plateau stretching almost from the extreme north to the extreme south of Brazil. Along the eastern edge of this plateau, sometimes separated from it by mountains, lies the third region of Brazil. This is a coastal belt of land washed by the South Atlantic. Quite wide in the north it narrows as it runs south, and at some points the mountains slope straight into the sea.

The Amazon valley is the most extensive wooded region in the world. But there are also wide stretches of grassland and, along the river banks,



broad, sandy beaches. Above all, the Amazon valley is a region of rain and rivers which feed the Amazon itself with waters of varying colours. Two of those rivers, the Negro and the Jutahý, are pitch black. Another two, the Purús and the Juruá, are yellow, while another four, the Tapajoz, Xingú, Tocantins, and Araguaya, are clear. During the flood season these rivers often break away large slices from their banks, and then great floating islands—jungle, animals and all—are carried away downstream.

All these rivers are alive with fish. There is the savage, man-eating *piranha*; it is quite small but has teeth like needles, and it attacks its victims in shoals. Then there are alligators and turtles, and playful dolphins. No fewer than 1,800 different kinds of fish are found in the rivers of Brazil.

The jungle where, in a single square mile as many as 3,000 different species of trees have been identified, is inhabited by the jaguar, the South American tiger, and by the tawny-coloured, blue-eyed puma, South America's lion. There is the toothless ant-eater, which sucks in its ant food with its tongue, and the black tapir, Brazil's largest animal. The tapir, which has a short, movable trunk, is related to the rhinoceros but has a hairy skin and no horns. Then there is the pugnacious and dangerous peccary, the tropical American pig; and the capybara, a water rat which is the world's largest rodent. There is the armadillo, covered with a hard bony shell, and innumerable kinds of monkeys.

Flitting between the enormous trees, often a hundred feet high, are brilliant butterflies. In the



trees themselves are the birds. The huge-billed toucan, the parrot, and the loud-voiced macaw are only some of them, for one-sixth of the known species of birds are found in Brazil. Other inhabitants of the trees are the sloth, hanging on the branches by its hook-like claws, and vampire and other kinds of bats.

Then there are snakes, particularly the dreaded anaconda which lives in and out of the rivers, and the boa-constrictor which, incidentally, is a very good rat-catcher. There are the insects—all kinds of flies and ants. The famous naturalist, Henry Bates, found 7,000 different species of insect during his travels on the Amazon.

These birds and beasts and insects are particularly to be found in the Amazonian forests, known as *selvas* in Brazil. But some of them also live on the upland plateau and in the coastal belt. On the plateau there are also forests, especially on the slopes of the mountains along the Atlantic shore. But most of the plateau is covered by a grassy vegetation, except where it breaks into ranges of low hills, and in the north-east—often afflicted by drought—where the typical scenery is that of the *caa-tinga*, which is a kind of white shrub.

This plateau of vast landscapes and a brooding solitude is known to the Brazilians as the *sertão*. A good deal of it, like the Amazon valley, has never been properly explored. The Brazilians call the *sertão* the heart of Brazil. Yet, so far, the heart of Brazil has been not the *sertão* but the coastal belt; for that is where the first Portuguese colonists settled and where most Brazilians live to-day.



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## 2. DISCOVERY

WE have now put Brazil on the map for ourselves. But the story of Brazil to-day must begin with its discovery more than 450 years ago. At that time overseas exploration caused great rivalry between the Portuguese and Spaniards. So great was that rivalry that Pope Alexander VI drew a line from north to south, roughly through the middle of the Atlantic, and announced that everything discovered west of the line should belong to Spain. The idea was that everything east of the line should go to the Portuguese.

But the Portuguese were not best pleased with what the Pope had arranged, and in 1494 they agreed with the Spaniards that the dividing line should be moved a long way farther west. This agreement was called the Treaty of Tordesillas, and it will crop up again in our story. If the Pope's dividing line had been left as it was Brazil would have gone to Spain instead of to Portugal.

In fact the Spanish navigator, Vicente Yañez Pinzón, claimed to have landed on the north-east corner of Brazil early in 1500. As it happened, neither he nor the Spaniards did anything more about it.

News of Pinzón's doings must certainly have reached Lisbon, but the Portuguese were not perturbed. King Manoel of Portugal was far more interested in a new expedition to India which he was organising.

Six months before, Vasco da Gama had sailed up the Tagus with rich cargoes at the end of his first



voyage to India. Now one of his captains, Pedro Alvares Cabral, was ordered by King Manoel to set out for India again. With a fleet of thirteen ships he started from the Tagus on 9th March 1500. Among his commanders was Bartholomew Diaz, who had discovered the Cape of Good Hope fourteen years earlier.

Cabral sailed very much farther west than was necessary for him to make sure of the right winds to take him round Africa, and after a voyage of nearly seven weeks, he sighted the north-east coast of Brazil on 22nd April 1500, and landed there the next day.

It was the Thursday before Easter and the Admiral and his men held a service. In this they were joined by the local Indian inhabitants who had greeted them with friendly curiosity. Cabral thought the new land was an island, and so he named it the Island of the True Cross.

He and his crews stayed for a week, taking in supplies of fresh water and exchanging gifts with the Indians. But Cabral was determined to continue his voyage to India, and having despatched one of his ships back to Lisbon to carry news of his discovery to King Manoel he set sail once more for the East.

He left behind him in the new land two convicts, with the idea that they should live with the Indians and learn their language, and so be able to act as interpreters for any other mariners who might come that way. As Cabral's ships sailed away the cast-aways knelt weeping on the shore while the Indians did their best to console them.



## 3. CARAMURÚ

WHEN news of Cabral's discovery reached King Manoel in Lisbon he lost no time in passing it on to his fellow European monarchs. He told them that he intended to explore his new colony without delay.

The King sent out one or two expeditions to have a look at the place. One of them had as its navigating officer the Florentine seaman Amerigo Vespucci, after whom America is named. This expedition, like the others, sailed south along the coast and got as far as what is now the Bay of Rio de Janeiro. When he saw that sight, since so famous, Amerigo Vespucci exclaimed: "If there be an earthly Paradise it cannot be far from here".

But the Portuguese themselves had rather a lot on their hands. They were developing colonies and trade in Africa, in India, in Ceylon, and in the East Indies. In the Orient they found ancient civilisations, and their ships brought back pepper and cloves, muslins and silks to Lisbon. But in Brazil there seemed to be nothing but a long and often rugged coast inhabited by completely uncivilised Indians. There was no sign of anything like the empires of the Aztecs and the Incas that the Spaniards found in Mexico and Peru.

And so, like Cabral after he had found it, the Portuguese tended to turn their backs on Brazil. Even Cabral himself never came back. The country became merely a port of call, so to speak, for Portuguese ships sailing to and from the East. On their way out they would put in for fresh water,



and perhaps to land a convict or two; on their way home they might call to collect a cargo of the hardwood logs that yielded a brilliant red dye.

This wood was of the colour of hot coals, "*d'une rouge braisée*" as the French described it, and it was thus that Brazil got its name. The French regarded this wood as valuable and organised many expeditions to fetch it to Europe.

Elsewhere along the shores of Brazil the convicts landed by Portuguese ships found themselves face to face with the Indians. Nobody knows how many Indians there were in Brazil at this time. Some historians have put the figure at 2,000,000, others at only half that number. On the coast there were two main tribes, the Tupís and the Tapuyas. They lived in small, scattered groups, and existed mainly by hunting and fishing—although they were also cannibals.

When Cabral landed among them the Indians, as we have seen, were curious and friendly. But the convicts who came later soon quarrelled with them, and there were many bloody encounters in which the convicts usually got the worst of it. So it was that when a Portuguese ship was wrecked off the coast in 1510 the Indians seized and ate all the sailors who succeeded in saving themselves. All except one, Caramurú.

His real name was Diogo Alvares Correa, and on scrambling on to the beach he made the Indians understand that he would help them salvage goods from the wrecked ship. The Indians fell in with this idea, and Correa managed to rescue an arquebus and some barrels of gunpowder. Instead of using these to defend himself he decided to show the



Indians what the arquebus could do. He winged a bird with his first shot, and so impressed were the savages that they named him Caramurú, or "Man of Fire".

Correa now became a great personage among the Indians. The Tupís made him one of their chiefs, and because the fame of his terrible weapon had preceded him he gained them a bloodless victory over the Tapuyas. Correa had several Indian wives; his favourite was Paraguassú, the daughter of a great chief, and he lived like a biblical patriarch, with a large family growing up around him.

One day a French ship arrived to load brazilwood and, seeing a chance to return to Portugal, Correa embarked with Paraguassú. When they reached France they were received with great honour at the French Court, where Paraguassú was baptised in the name of the French Queen Catherine. But the French would not allow Correa to go home to Lisbon. So he sailed back to Brazil with Paraguassú, having made a bargain with a wealthy merchant to leave him there with the guns and ammunition of two ships, and a large stock of goods for trading, in return for a cargo of brazilwood.

And so Correa was able to fortify his little settlement and, incidentally, to claim a place in our story as the first regular Portuguese colonist in Brazil. But his rôle as Caramurú was even more important: by marrying Indians he set an example to later settlers which, as we shall see, they followed—with astonishing effects on the whole history of Brazil.



## 4. THE CAPTAINS

WHILE he was in France Caramurú sent a message to King Manoel. It was a warning that if he did not colonise Brazil he would lose it. But the king did nothing, and the French traders in brazil-wood began boldly to establish settlements on the coast. At last, in 1530, King João, or John, who had succeeded Manoel nine years before, realised that Brazil was about to slip through his fingers. Accordingly he organised a large expedition and gave the command to Martin Affonso de Souza, a veteran soldier who had served him in India.

When he reached Brazil in 1531 de Souza at once seized three French vessels which he found loading brazil-wood. He then cruised up and down the coast before he decided to found his first settlement at São Vicente, a few miles from what is now the great port of Santos. A monument stands to-day on the spot where he landed, and where he was welcomed by João Ramalho. This man was a shipwrecked Portuguese sailor who, like Caramurú farther north, had made friends with the Indians.

De Souza is important in the history of Brazil and its people for two reasons. He was the first commander to be sent out by Portugal with definite orders to found a colony in Brazil, and he was the first of the captains.

The Portuguese king was now eager to colonise Brazil quickly. But Portugal was a poor and small nation with hardly one million inhabitants. So the king devised a plan by which he hoped Brazil

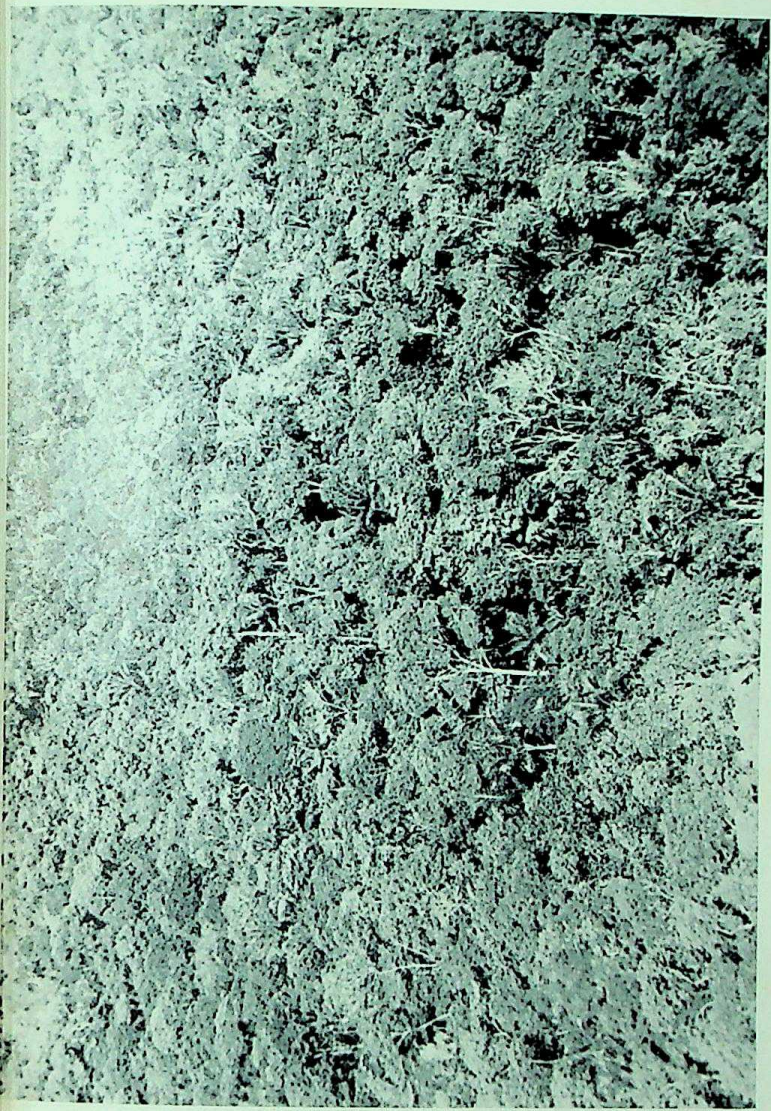


could be colonised cheaply. He divided the coast into twelve (later fifteen) captaincies. They each measured 150 miles along the shore and extended inland as far as the dividing line between the possessions of Portugal and Spain agreed in the Treaty of Tordesillas. All these captaincies were the size of respectable kingdoms, most of them being larger than Portugal herself. Each of them was granted by the king to a captain, a man of high rank who had distinguished himself in service to the Portuguese Court. The land was to belong to him and his descendants for ever. He was allowed to found cities, to appoint magistrates, and to impose whatever taxes he liked. He was also given permission to make slaves of the Indians, and to send a certain number to be sold each year in Lisbon. But the king demanded a tribute of one-tenth of the value of all products of the soil, and one-fifth of the value of any precious stones or metals that might be found. He also kept the trade in brazil-wood as a royal preserve.

The captains were, at first, rather unwilling to try their luck in Brazil. Several of them never went there at all. Others sent parties of colonists across the Atlantic but stayed at home themselves. Those who did go to Brazil tried to make money by enslaving the Indians. But that was not so easy. The Indians were no longer so friendly as they had been when Cabral first found them. They resisted these attempts to capture them so fiercely that some of the captains had difficulty in holding on to their territories at all. One wrote that he could only win by inches what the king had granted him by miles.

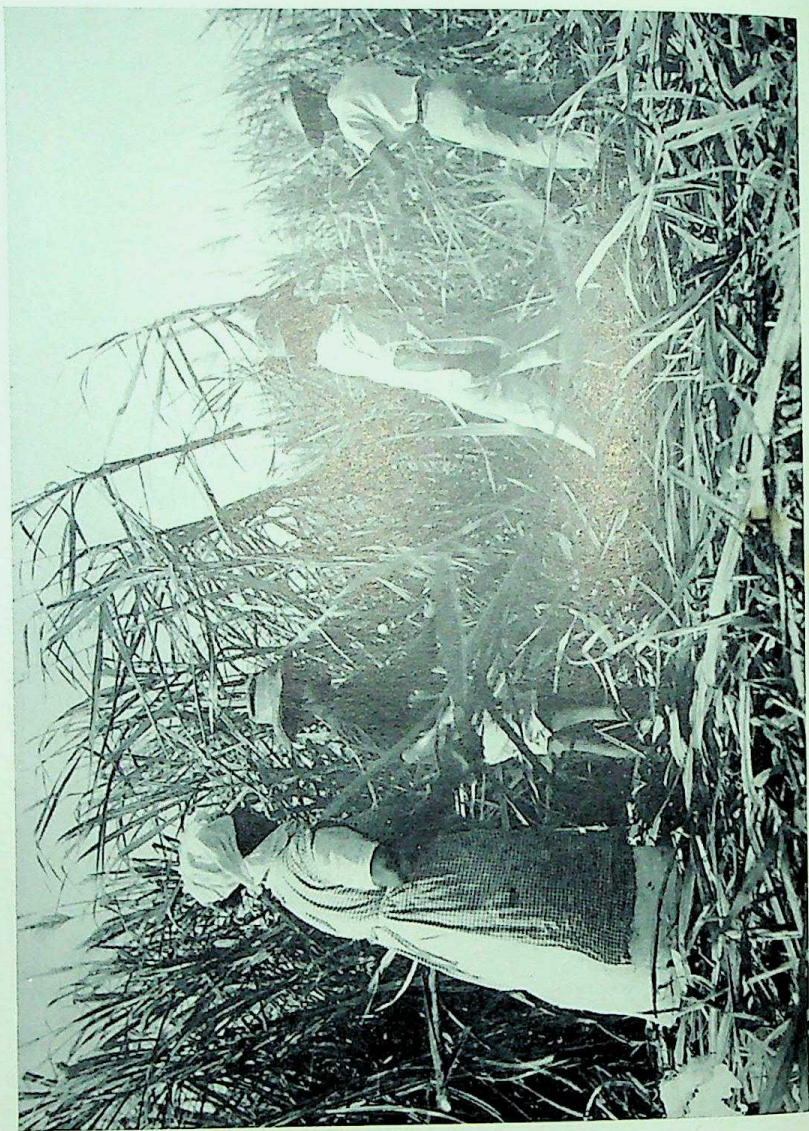
In such cases the captains often gave up in





THE AMAZON JUNGLE FROM THE AIR





NEGRO WORKERS CUTTING SUGAR-CANE



despair. Even Martin Affonso de Souza returned to Portugal although, thanks to the presence of old Ramalho, he had had little trouble in winning control of his territory, which he now left to his sons. In fact São Vicente and a few other captaincies prospered. Their owners planted sugar cane which they brought from the Portuguese Atlantic island of Madeira. Soon these captains had become so rich and powerful that they were bold enough to snap their fingers at the king's government in Lisbon.

King John became alarmed. There was only one thing to be done: he had to organise the colonisation of Brazil himself. And so, in 1549, Thomé de Souza arrived in Brazil as the first royal governor. He was greeted and helped by the venerable Caramurú to whom he handed a personal letter from King John.

The new governor dealt with the captains at once. He stripped them of all their powers and left them only their territories, for which they were now responsible to him in his new capital of São Salvador, on the north-east coast. That was really the end of the captaincies. They had lasted only nineteen years. But they left their mark on Brazil, for when the country was later divided into the provinces it possesses to-day their boundaries followed very closely those of the old captaincies. These provinces also inherited the local patriotisms and rivalries of the captaincies, and they made it more natural for their peoples to think of themselves as citizens of this or that province rather than as Brazilians.



## 5. SUGAR AND SLAVES

HAVING tamed the captains the new governor next had to decide how to carry out his orders to make a proper colony of Brazil. There were no ancient civilisations to plunder or trade with. Nor, so far as was known, were there any precious metals or jewels to be found such as the Spaniards had discovered farther west. But, said a writer of the time, "All Brazil is a fresh-blooming garden and shady grove, and throughout the year there is not to be seen a barren tree or plant". There was, indeed, rich soil in which all kinds of fruit and many other useful things grew wild. And, as the captains had shown, it was possible to grow sugar.

De Souza realised that settlers in Brazil, and the colony itself, could only become rich by growing crops like sugar.

This was what de Souza reported to the king, and he insisted that more settlers must come at once. He had brought some officials, 100 soldiers, and 400 convicts with him. But there were very few Portuguese in Brazil, and they lived in small and scattered groups—"like crabs clinging to the coastline", as an historian of the time described them. Now, in answer to the governor's message, a trickle of new colonists began to arrive. They had sold everything they had in Portugal, and they came with their families ready to settle in Brazil for good.

It all looked very simple. The land cost the settlers little or nothing, and sugar grew without much trouble. But a serious problem soon arose.



There was quite enough land but not enough labour to work on it. The settlers themselves were energetic but they were too few. And so, as the captains had done, they tried to make slaves of the Indians. But once more the Indians resisted fiercely. They were not very numerous and they lived in scattered villages. Even when they were caught they were not much use on the sugar plantations. They were not accustomed to that kind of work. Soon the sugar-planters found that either their Indian slaves escaped into the jungle or became ill and died.

As the growing of sugar spread, the need for more workers became urgent. So each sugar planter was given the right to import a hundred African slaves, and soon there was a regular fleet of slave-ships shuttling across the South Atlantic between the north-east corner of Brazil and the west coast of Africa.

By 1585 there were 57,000 Portuguese settlers in Brazil and they owned among them 14,000 slaves. These slaves helped the planters to clear the land, to plant the sugar, to build the *engenhos*, or sugar refineries, and, most important of all, to build the *senzala*, or big house, in which every planter lived.

The big house was often built round three sides of a square. It had thick walls, first of mud and later of stone; it was frequently two stories high, topped with a roof of thatch or tiles, and with a veranda all round to give protection against the tropical sun and rains. Inside were bedrooms, a large dining-room, sometimes as many as three parlours. Very often there was a library, too, although the planters and their families could not always read.



In fact they were often helped in this by negro slaves who could read and write Arabic, and who even used to arrange for Arabic books to be sent to them in Brazil.

The big house naturally had large kitchen premises—large and small kitchens, as well as pantries, a wine-cellar and washing and ironing rooms. And then there was generally a chapel, with galleries and a choir-loft, and often a room for a resident priest. Bird cages, especially for parrots, hung everywhere.

These sugar plantations were usually great distances apart. So, really, each was a complete township on its own. At the centre was the big house where the planter lived with his own family, and generally with a great many relatives as well. Round about were the houses for the slaves, poultry yards, stock-pens and, most important, the sugar mill. Fields and orchards round each big house produced all the food needed by those who lived and worked on each plantation.

The whole organisation was kept going by the slaves. Most of them worked in the cane-fields, but others were blacksmiths, carpenters, saddlers, general mechanics and domestic servants. From time to time they had a more dangerous job to do. In the earliest days the buildings of every plantation were surrounded by a double row of strong stakes, and this stockade was manned by every man in the place, masters and slaves, whenever the Indians attacked, as they often did.



## 6. THE MISSIONARIES

ALTHOUGH the sugar planters imported negroes from Africa they still needed Indians on their estates. They were able to tempt the Indians into *aldeias*, or village settlements, and from these human reservoirs they took Indian workers as they needed them. But whatever they did to force the Indians to work for them the colonists were opposed by the Jesuit missionaries.

The first Jesuits had come to Brazil with Thomé de Souza in 1549. There were six of them and their leader was Manuel de Nobrega. He was joined four years later by José de Anchieta. The names of both men were to become famous in the history of Brazil.

They declared that the Indians were free men, and that they should be educated and converted to Christianity. So they set up schools, where they began by teaching the Indian children the Portuguese language. To do this the Jesuits first had to learn the Indians' own tongue. The result was that a new language, a combination of Portuguese and the chief Indian dialects, appeared. It was called the *lingoa geral*, or common tongue, and it came to be spoken all over the Portuguese settlements in Brazil.

But in spite of this new language the missionaries found their task difficult. The Indians had learnt to fear the white man, and they were suspicious of the Jesuit schools. There was only one way to solve this problem and that was to gather the Indians into villages as the settlers had done.



So the Jesuits and the settlers each established villages for the Indians. The colonists often forced the Indians into their villages. The missionaries filled their villages by peaceful persuasion. It took them a long time to win the confidence of the savages, who could not at first distinguish one kind of village from another. But by degrees the missionaries succeeded. Even so there were critical moments. Once, when the Indians were threatening to attack a missionary settlement, Anchieta persuaded the hostile chief to accept him as a hostage, and he lived with the tribe for three years.

When the missionaries had been able to gather the Indians into their villages they taught them the value of the domestic animals they had brought with them from Portugal, how to grow their own food, and how to build houses for themselves and what one account describes as "very large and spacious churches". With the help of the *lingoa geral* the Jesuits went on to teach the Indian boys and girls simple reading, writing, and arithmetic, and showed them how they could help in the church services.

Although the Indians were quite willing pupils and accepted Christianity it took the missionaries a long time and great patience to cure them of cannibalism. One day a missionary was caring for an old Indian woman on her death-bed. She had been baptised, but when he asked her if he could get her anything to eat she replied "If you could only get me the hand of a small Tapuya boy I think I could pick the little bones; but there is nobody to go and shoot one for me".

The settlers, who had been accustomed to live



in any free-and-easy way they liked, objected to the missionaries and their kindly attitude to the Indians. To them the Indians in the Jesuit villages were no different from those in their own villages, and they tried to seize them. But the missionaries opposed them and told them boldly to treat their own Indians like human beings. They did more, for they appealed to the Portuguese king to declare that the Indians were free men. The result was that in 1575 it was forbidden for Indians to be made slaves, except if they had been captured in war.

So far the Jesuits had moved up and down the coast establishing their Indian settlements here and there. But they soon realised that they were influencing only a few of the savages, and that if they wanted to civilise them in larger numbers they would have to go in search of them. And so Nobrega and Anchieta decided to move inland.

The spot from which they set out was the coastal settlement of São Vicente, where the first captain, Martin Affonso de Souza, had been welcomed by João Ramalho, the second Caramurú. The two missionaries had heard that beyond the mountains behind São Vicente there were wide, well-watered plains of rich red soil where almost anything would grow in a climate that was as bracing as the climate on the coast was hot and oppressive. So, with eleven companions, they started up the mountain trail. It was "a very rough track, impassable for saddle-horses", winding in and out of the jungle.

Two thousand five hundred feet up Nobrega and Anchieta stepped out on to what the Indians



called the Plains of Piratininga. It seemed just the place for new Indian settlements, and on 24 January, 1554, the small missionary group laid the foundations of a new school. Because it was the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the great missionary apostle, they dedicated their new venture to him. So was founded what is to-day the great industrial city of São Paulo, the largest city in Brazil, the fifth largest in the Americas and the twelfth largest in the world. Its factories and skyscrapers grow like mushrooms.

That first Jesuit school was nothing like a skyscraper. Anchieta, a great letter-writer, left a description of it. "There are sometimes more than twenty of us in a poor little house built of mud and sticks and covered with straw". It was fourteen paces long and scarcely ten wide, and that space included the school, refectory, and kitchen.

Having built their school the missionaries set about the task of finding Indians to put into it. But they at once ran into trouble. We shall see in the next two chapters what happened as a result. It showed that when Nobrega and Anchieta decided to move inland they made what proved to be the most important decision in the history of Brazil.

## 7. THE FLAGBEARERS—I

WHEN the Jesuit missionaries first reached the upland plains they found a number of Portuguese colonists already there. João Ramalho, like Caramurú, had several Indian wives, and so had other settlers on that part of the coast. The half-breed



children of these marriages were extraordinarily tough, so much so that a German traveller, who visited Ramalho's family, wrote, "We had more fears when we were among them than when we were among the Indians". It was these people who had gone inland from São Vicente to settle on the plains beyond the mountains. There, instead of growing sugar like the colonists farther north, they concentrated on cattle-raising. They also grew maize, rice, and cotton for their own use.

These half-Portuguese half-Indians were energetic and courageous, but they were also rough and ruthless. They were the despair of the Jesuit Anchieta, who wrote of them, "This kind of people understands no argument except the sword and the spear".

Unlike the sugar-planters in the north these southern settlers could not afford to buy African slaves. They depended on Indian slaves to tend their cattle and crops. They also made money by selling Indians to the northern settlers. At first they had succeeded in tempting the Indians to work for them and they had been able to enslave whole tribes. But these Indians soon died off, and those in the neighbourhood who were still free began to move west out of harm's way.

It was just at this moment that the Jesuits appeared with their ideas that the Indians were free men and that they should not be slaves at all. The settlers were naturally not pleased to see the missionaries, for they realised that their attempts to civilise the savages would make it more difficult to find slaves than it was already. The only thing to do was to follow the Indians as they moved



westwards. They explained to the missionaries that in making slaves of the Indians they were really saving their lives because they would eat each other if left to themselves.

The settlers began this long-range hunt for Indians by going out in twos and threes. But as they ventured west into the unknown the Indians moved still farther away, and it soon became clear that they could only be captured by large and well-equipped expeditions. And so the settlers organised themselves into groups. Each group marched under its own flag or *bandeira*, and so those who belonged to the groups came to be known as *bandeirantes* or flagbearers.

Each group was very strictly organised. Everyone in it was carefully listed, and its leader was a chief with very full powers. Every group was obliged to have a chaplain, and each man in it was careful to make his will before he set out and to attend a religious service at which the group flag was blessed. The settlers themselves held the most important positions in these groups, but the rank and file were mostly tamed Indians. These Indians were either armed like the settlers, or they acted as porters or cared for the pack animals and dogs, which were used like hounds to hunt the luckless savages. These tame Indians do not seem to have minded joining in these expeditions to make slaves of their own people.

Everyone in the settlements had a share in these expeditions. Nobody was left out. Municipal officers, judges who were supposed to impose the laws against slavery, even priests (except the Jesuits) all joined in. So each *bandeira* was generally hundreds



strong. Being so large these groups could not carry with them all the food they needed on the trail. But the settlers were as handy with a bow and arrow as with a musket, and they partly lived on the birds and animals they killed as they went along, on wild honey and on fish from the many rivers they crossed.

Even so, provisions would run short. When that happened the whole group would camp at a suitable spot and plant maize and beans. Often some of the party remained at these camps which by degrees grew into villages and even towns. Many of the towns and villages in the interior of Brazil to-day began in that way. But most of the *bandeirantes* only waited to harvest the maize and the beans and they then set out once more on the westward trail.

## 8. THE FLAGBEARERS—2

As each new group of flagbearers set out from São Paulo it found that as the Indians realised their danger they became more and more elusive. Soon the slave-raiders found they had to go 100, 200, 300, even 500 miles before they were able to take the Indians by surprise. At last they found themselves faced by some Indian settlements run by Spanish Jesuit missionaries on the banks of the River Paraná, 650 miles west of São Paulo. One hundred and fifty thousand Indians lived in them and they possessed among them 700,000 head of cattle.

The flagbearers had no doubts about what they should do. It was obviously more easy to capture



Indians collected so conveniently in these settlements than to chase them through the jungle. The presence of the missionaries did not worry them for, after all, they had already quarrelled with the Portuguese Jesuits in São Paulo. And so the flag-bearers wasted no time in attacking the settlements. They began in 1629 and in two years they had seized and carried off 2,500 Indian converts. In the next twenty years they desolated no fewer than thirteen of the mission settlements.

It was a favourite trick of the raiders to attack the missions on a Sunday. They would surround the church, murder the priests and carry off the Indian congregation, leaving the church burning behind them. Many of the raiders had been educated at the Jesuit school in São Paulo and they shamelessly bandied texts with the missionaries. Sometimes they disguised themselves as Jesuits to gain the confidence of their Indian victims.

But the raiders did not always have it all their own way. They appeared at one mission settlement on a Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Day they brazenly went to church and listened attentively to the sermon. The brave priest took the chance to reproach them for their cruelty. This surprised and impressed them so much that they at once set free two Indian choirboys they had seized and quietly left the church. Another time the raiders were beaten off by cannon made by the ingenious Jesuits out of giant bamboo trees.

Yet that sort of thing was unusual. As a rule the raiders attacked without mercy, burning and slaying indiscriminately. The besieged missionaries and their Indians were often reduced to eating



dogs and cats, rats, mice, and even snakes to keep alive. But that was better than being captured by the terrible flagbearers and their Indian followers who attacked with poisoned arrows fired from blow-pipes.

And so for years, particularly in the middle of the seventeenth century, there was a constant stream of Indians being driven from the banks of the Paraná to the slave markets of São Paulo. Chained together they stumbled along, often half-dead with hunger or dazed in the scorching sun. Their captors pricked them with lances or fired muskets over their heads to keep them on the move. When one Indian fell he was simply cut loose from the chain and left to die by the side of the trail.

There is no doubt that the flagbearers were brutal men, even though they lived in a cruel age. But perhaps they were cruel because they were so tough. They had to be. They had neither maps nor compasses, although being partly Indian themselves they were able to guide their groups by the sun and the stars, and they were as expert in picking out Indian trails, and in forest lore and wild life as the savages they hunted. Yet they were often in danger from the arrows of hidden Indians, from famine and disease. Sometimes they were killed in quarrels among themselves. But they never gave up. Difficulties only seemed to spur them on. Moving in single file and barefooted they crossed plains and climbed hills under a sun burning almost vertically down upon them. They struggled across rivers in improvised canoes or on inflated bullock-skins. Axes in hand they hacked



their way through jungle where even the thickest foliage did not keep out the torrential rains.

There were many colourful figures among these pioneers. There was Fernão Dias, known as the "Hercules of the Sertão". He led out his last expedition when he was more than eighty years old. There were Englishmen among them, too, like Henry Barroway and Anthony Knivet. They had been captured by the Portuguese from among the crews of the Elizabethan sailor Thomas Cavendish during his second voyage to the South Sea in 1592.

The flagbearers were important because they were really the creators of the Brazil we know to-day. As time passed they paid less attention to hunting Indians and more to exploration. To the west parties of them went into what is now Bolivia. One of their leaders, Antonio Raposo, is said to have crossed the Andes and to have dipped his sword into the Pacific on the coast of Peru. A thousand miles to the south other flagbearers fought the Spaniards for possession of the town of Colonia, on the banks of the River Plate opposite Buenos Aires. Northwards yet other groups forced their way to the rivers Araguaya and Tocantins, and eventually to the Amazon itself. There they were 2,000 miles from São Paulo. What is more important, they were 1,500 miles *west* of that line which, by the Treaty of Tordesillas, Portugal and Spain had agreed on as a division between their South American possessions.

In other words the flagbearers were well inside what Spain regarded as her territory. And it is because they were that Brazil is the size she is to-day; for it can almost be said that the flagbearers



drew Brazil's western frontier as we know it now. And they might never have done it if they had not been forced by the attitude of the Jesuits Nobrega and Anchieta to leave São Paulo in search of the Indians which the missionaries would not allow them to capture in the neighbourhood. That is why the decision of the Jesuits to move inland from São Vicente proved to be the most important decision in the story of Brazil.

## 9. THE INVADERS—I THE FRENCH

WHILE the flagbearers were ranging far and wide inland parties of invaders began to nibble at the coast behind them. The Portuguese had already been roused to take an active interest in Brazil by the scattered activities of French traders who, besides brazil-wood, took back to France monkeys and parrots to amuse ladies of the French Court, as well as the feathers of the strange and brightly plumaged birds that swarmed in Brazil's forests. But now the Portuguese faced a highly organised expedition to establish a definite French colony in Brazil.

The leader of this adventure was Nicholas de Villegaignon, an officer of high rank in the French navy. He had interested the Huguenot Admiral Coligny in the idea of founding a French Protestant settlement in Brazil, where he arrived in 1555. He had carefully chosen a spot between the northern and southern Portuguese settlements, none other than what is now the famous bay of Rio de Janeiro. There, with eighty companions,



he landed on an island which still bears his name and established a colony which he named Antarctic France. Soon 400 more fervent French Protestants joined him.

All might have been well if the French had not quarrelled among themselves. The trouble was that Villegaignon was a scoundrel. A real swash-buckler, he used religion only to suit his plans of the moment. Some of the Frenchmen refused to stay with him and set out for home. Meanwhile Villegaignon and those who had remained with him were busy fortifying their miniature colony, for news had come that the Portuguese were collecting ships and men to dislodge them. This force, which included the Jesuit Nobrega, first planned to enter Rio bay at night to make a surprise attack on the French intruders. But it failed. The Portuguese sent to São Vicente for reinforcements. When they arrived they battered the solid rock defences for two days and nights, using up all their ammunition before they managed to capture Villegaignon's magazine. The Frenchmen then abandoned their remaining defences and fled, some to their ships and others to the mainland. Once the Portuguese had withdrawn, they came together again and re-established their island colony more firmly than before. Shocked to find that they had not, after all, routed out the Frenchmen the Portuguese again came after them. But it was only in 1567, after attacks by land as well as sea, that they were finally beaten.

The Portuguese now realised that they would have to settle the place themselves if the French or some other nation were to be prevented from





WHERE THE DUTCH HAD THEIR CAPITAL IN BRAZIL—A COLONIAL  
CHURCH OUTSIDE RECIFE



THE CITY OF RECIFE TO-DAY  
(See Chapter 10)



OURO PRETO, BIGGEST OF THE OLD GOLD TOWNS AND FORMERLY CAPITAL  
OF THE STATE OF MINAS GERAIS. TO-DAY IT IS A NATIONAL MONUMENT  
(See Chapter 12)



BELO HORIZONTE, MODERN CAPITAL OF MINAS GERAIS



seizing it again. And so they founded, in 1567, what is to-day the city of Rio de Janeiro. The first buildings were put up by Indians working under the supervision of Jesuit missionaries led by Nobrega.

But that was not quite the end of the story of French efforts to set up a colony in Brazil. They next tried in the captaincy of Maranhão, round the north-east corner of the country towards the mouth of the Amazon. A French pirate, Jacques Riffault, landed there in 1594 and a regular trade began with Dieppe. Another Frenchman, Daniel de la Touche, was ordered by King Henry IV to establish a proper French colony there, and he set up the fort of Saint Louis. But by degrees the Portuguese pushed the Frenchmen north-west towards what is now French Guiana.

Nearly a century went by before, in 1710, a squadron under Admiral Duclerc once more attacked at Rio. After a sharp struggle the Portuguese were victorious and massacred every Frenchman who fell into their hands. Duclerc, taken prisoner, was murdered in his bed. France determined on revenge, and, next year, the great Admiral Duguay-Trouin was able to sail his fleet between the lines of batteries defending Rio and to carry the city by storm. His men sacked the place and held it until a heavy ransom had been paid. Then they sailed away. Although they had been victorious they took away with them the last hope that France would ever have a colony in Brazil.



## 10. THE INVADERS—2 THE DUTCH

COMPARED with the French the Dutch were much more determined, and much more successful, in their efforts to seize Brazil from the Portuguese. For one thing they had more excuse than the French. Holland was continually at war with Spain and for a time, from 1581, Brazil became a Spanish colony. This happened when the Portuguese Crown passed to King Philip II of Spain on the death of King Sebastian of Portugal.

In looking for the best point to attack Brazil the Dutch did not bother about uninhabited places. They had heard about the houses of the sugar-planters, of how their tables were laid with silver and fine porcelain, and their beds spread with silken coverings; of their doors with gold locks, and of the jewels worn by their womenfolk. Tempted by such stories the Dutch decided that the best way to seize Brazil was to attack by the front door, so to speak. They began by raiding the colonial capital, São Salvador, in 1604. Other raids followed and then, in 1624, a fleet of thirty-six Dutch ships attacked the city and captured it.

The Portuguese inhabitants fled to the jungle. They thought that the Dutch were only making another raid and that they would soon be gone. But they soon realised that the invaders were fortifying the city. The colonists therefore organised themselves into an army under the banner of the Bishop of São Salvador, Dom Marcos Teixeira. He turned out to be an able general and the Dutch were soon closely besieged. For more than a year



they were confined in the city, but the Bishop's forces were not quite strong enough to recapture it on their own. They had to wait for help from home.

That help was slow in coming. The Spaniards were more interested in their own colonies than in Brazil. But the Dutch seizure of São Salvador made them realise that their own colonies might soon be in danger themselves. King Philip decided that the invaders must be chased out, and he gathered a fleet of sixty-six ships carrying 12,000 Portuguese and Spaniards. It was the largest fleet ever to have crossed the Equator. Together the settlers and the fleet forced the Dutch to surrender.

This defeat made the Dutch even more determined to win a foothold in Brazil. In 1630 a Dutch fleet of 50 ships captured the twin towns of Recife and Olinda, north along the coast from São Salvador. Several fleets sent out by Spain and Portugal to dislodge the invaders met with disaster. Soon the Dutch were masters of the whole of north-east Brazil, the richest part of the country, and Count Maurice of Nassau arrived from Holland to govern what looked like being a Dutch empire in the New World.

The Count was not only a great soldier but a wise statesman who did his best first to conquer and then to pacify the country. He set up a council on which both Dutch and Portuguese had places. He brought over from Holland engineers and botanists, scientists and astronomers, and in Recife he established the first astronomical observatory in South America, a natural history museum, and an academy of science. And besides opening the port

to the trade of all nations the Count set about improving the city of Recife itself. He built palaces and stone houses, drained marshy ground in the neighbourhood, and planted it with orange, lemon, and coconut trees.

The Portuguese colonists were greatly impressed at "the quality of Maurice's artillery, his strong fortresses, his ships so numerous, so abundantly stored and so perfectly equipped; and the weapons of the Dutch soldiers, so clean, so polished, so bright that they looked more like silver than iron beside those of the Portuguese". However, before very long the Portuguese shook off these feelings and began to organise a resistance movement.

The more the Dutch tried to suppress them the more persistent they became. And then Portugal revolted against the Spaniards and recovered her independence. That meant that the Dutch no longer had any excuse to stay in Brazil, which they had only attacked on the pretext that it was a Spanish possession.

The Portuguese now did everything they could to get rid of the Dutch altogether. They gathered round towns and villages occupied by the invaders and, with weapons they had collected secretly, they made more and more attacks on their enemies. The Dutch were fighting a losing battle. After ten years they at last gave in and agreed to leave Brazil. They had been finally defeated, not by Portugal but by the Portuguese colonists.



## II. GOLD AND DIAMONDS

WHILE the invaders were attacking the coast of Brazil the flagbearers continued to range farther and farther inland in their hunt for slaves. The Portuguese Governor, desperate for help against the Dutch, appealed to the flagbearers to join in throwing them out. But the Dutch invasion suited them very well. This was because when the Dutch seized north-east Brazil they also occupied the ports in Portuguese West Africa from which slaves were shipped to the Brazilian sugar plantations. This led to a serious shortage of slaves, and for a time the flagbearers did a profitable trade in filling this gap with the Indians they captured.

They knew that as soon as the Dutch left, the African slave-trade would be restarted, which would mean an end to the demand for the Indian slaves they wanted to sell. When the Dutch left Brazil, the Portuguese also won back their West African ports, and soon the slave-ships were once again sailing across the South Atlantic to Brazil. The sugar planters were now less keen to buy Indian slaves from the flagbearers, and these began to think of other ways of making money.

We know that the discoverers of Brazil had reported to King Manoel that there seemed to be no precious metals in the new land. In fact one official had gloomily commented that the place was "without gold, without silver, without any kind of metal". So there was great excitement when it was reported that a great mine of silver had been found by a settler named Roberto Diaz.



The story was that Diaz lived in such magnificence that everything used at his table or for toilet purposes was made of solid silver. Diaz offered to reveal his secret to King Philip of Spain (at that time reigning over Brazil) on condition that he was made a marquis. The king thought he would make certain that there really was a mine before he accepted the bargain, but the officials he sent to look for it found nothing. Luckily for himself Diaz died before the king was able to take vengeance on him, and his secret died with him.

The tale of the Diaz silver mine was only one of many similar stories eagerly told in Brazil at that time. There was also the legend of Sabarabussú. It was a story of a fabulous range of mountains, at first said to consist entirely of crystal and later of silver. The flagbearers sent out many expeditions to look for these mountains but they never found them. Then there was the story of the *Serra das Esmeraldas*, or Emerald Mountains. The flagbearers went to look for them too, but again they never found them.

But they were determined that, somehow, they would find gold or silver. Gold in small amounts had already been found in the gravel of streams near São Vicente in 1560, by officials sent from Portugal especially to look for it. So the flagbearers on their slave-hunting expeditions always stopped long enough at every river to pan the gravel for gold. For this they used a *batea*, a wooden-framed strainer through which they shook sand and gravel from the river-bed, hoping that any gold there was would remain at the bottom.



One of the flagbearers, the famous Bartolomeu Bueno da Silva, did find some gold, by playing a trick on some Indians. Seeing that the savages were wearing gold ornaments the old pioneer asked them where they got the gold. The Indians stubbornly refused to tell their secret. So Bartolomeu solemnly set a bowl of sugar-cane spirit before them, telling them that it was water, that he could set it alight, and that he would do the same to all rivers and pools and deprive them of their water supplies. And he then set the spirit ablaze. The terrified Indians at once gave him the name *Anhangara*, or "Fire-Devil" and soon showed him the source of the gold—although it was afterwards lost for many years.

At long last, in 1693, a group of flagbearers led by Antonio Rodrigues Arzão, found gold—a great deal of it—in an area 200 miles north of Rio. More gold finds followed thick and fast, in the same area, in Goyaz 500 miles farther north-west, and at Cuyabá, still another 400 miles to the west, right in the centre of South America. Some of this gold was found in large amounts in the gravel of streams and rivers; elsewhere it could only be reached by tunnels being dug into the sides of mountains.

The news of these discoveries soon reached the coast, and from there it travelled to Europe. A gold rush at once began. From all the inhabited parts of Brazil, from Portugal and other parts of Europe, thousands set out for the gold-diggings. In the sugar-growing areas of Brazil the planters were already facing difficulties. The soil on which they had been growing their crops was wearing



out. So the prospect of new riches was a pleasant one for the planters, and they and their slaves abandoned the plantations and took the trail to the goldfields.

Many of the men, women, and children who set out for the mines died of hunger or thirst on the way, or they were killed by Indians or wild beasts. Others turned aside from the main stream of treasure-seekers and struck out on their own, hoping to find new sources of gold for themselves. So great and so desperate did the thirst for gold become that in 1732, so the story goes, 10,000 men and women decided to divert the course of the River Tocantins, a tributary of the Amazon, in the hope of finding gold in its bed. After a year's work the course of the river was successfully changed, but only for a few hours, barely enough time for the gold-hunters to extract enough of the precious dust to compensate them for all their labour.

Altogether it was a wild and terrible time, and nowhere more so than in the main goldfields. So many people all hoping for quick riches were bound to cause trouble. It began with the flagbearers. They had found the gold and they resented the coming of all the other seekers for it. They had spent years of energy, and had undergone great hardships, in their hunt for the gold. Why should planters from the coast, their slaves and adventurers from Europe, now try to take advantage of their finds? The flagbearers scornfully named the newcomers *emboabas*, or "feathered legs"—an insult referring to what seemed to the pioneers to be their fancy style of dress. For their part



the newcomers named the flagbearers *caboclos* in contemptuous reference to their partly Indian blood and simple manners. Soon there was open warfare between the two groups, and many battles were fought before the outnumbered flagbearers were defeated.

But that did not mean peace in the goldfields. More and more gold was found, but there was nothing much to buy with it in that wilderness of mountain and forest. So the adventurers seized greedily on anything they were offered by dealers who brought cheap goods from the coast. One day these seekers for gold were penniless, the next they were strutting about in gaudy velvet clothes and silk stockings, and for a pistol they would pay in gold twenty times what the weapon was worth in silver on the coast. Sums that in Europe would have built splendid palaces, or bought magnificent pictures, were gambled away in a single night. Murder and robbery lurked everywhere. No wonder that a visiting priest cried out in despair, "No sane man can have the slightest doubt that God only allowed so much gold to be discovered in order to punish Brazil".

In a way he was right, for so many settlers had moved from the sugar plantations to the goldfields that the sugar industry began to decline rapidly. It was never to be the same again. But in Lisbon the king and his government were not worried. At last they had in Brazil riches as great or greater than anything the Spaniards had in Mexico or Peru. And Brazil became even more of a treasure-house when diamonds were found in 1728.



## 12. THE LITTLE CRIPPLE

THE gold-seekers did not keep their new treasures to themselves for long. At first they refused to hand over any gold or diamonds to the king. But he was determined to have his share. So he began by separating the district from the province of São Paulo and making it a province on its own, calling it Minas Gerais, or "General Mines". Next he appointed a stern governor, the Count of Assumar, who moved in with regiments of infantry and dragoons.

The Count lost no time in forbidding the export of any gold at all. Instead, all gold and diamonds had to be handed in to a special treasury, where it was weighed and recorded, and the king's share at once set aside. That share was one-fifth of all the gold produced, and every diamond weighing more than 24 carats. The king also put taxes on the four-fifths of the gold that did not come to him.

The gold seekers did not like this at all and they revolted. The Count, taken by surprise, granted all their demands. But he secretly gathered his troops and attacked the rebels by night. Their leader was drawn and quartered, and some of the rest were thrown into the prisons which were among the first buildings the Count had put up. Other rebels were shut up in their own houses which were then burnt to the ground. The ruins can still be seen to-day.

Production of gold and diamonds now went on in a regular way. During the rest of the eighteenth century more gold was mined in this part of Brazil



than was found in 300 years in all the rest of America put together. Gold and diamonds crossed the Atlantic to Portugal in steady streams, often at the rate of £500,000 a year. That was worth much more in those days than it is now. In 1753 one merchant fleet alone carried treasure worth no less than £3,000,000. Ten years later the Viceroy was ordered to move the capital from São Salvador to Rio de Janeiro, because the treasure-lands could be reached more easily from there.

With the king and his government receiving riches on this scale the gold-seekers could hardly help becoming rich themselves. Big cities grew up almost overnight. There was Villa Real, the royal city, and Villa Rica, the rich city. There was Marianna, which became the seat of the third most important bishopric in Brazil; there was Sabará and Congonhas do Campo, and many more. Hundreds of miles to the west was Cuyabá, linked to the outer world by a regular yearly expedition of sixty or seventy armed canoes.

Let us take a closer look at one of these cities, at Villa Rica. In the days of its glory Villa Rica had 30,000 inhabitants. It was built up and down the slopes of hills pitted with gold workings like rabbit warrens. Around its outer edge were the mud huts in which lived the negro slaves who worked in the gold diggings. Beyond them, on each side of steep streets paved with iron slate and granite, were stone houses built on foundations of the hardest wood. There were private palaces, too, each with its tropical garden where clumps of bananas grew and sometimes a palm or two. Here and there through the city were sixteen enormous fountains.



On Feast Days the windows and balconies of every house and palace were draped with brocaded hangings and covered with damask cushions, and plumed cavaliers and finely-dressed ladies leaned over to watch the gay processions pass up and down the hilly streets. Rich men and nobles rode by, their saddles and harness adorned with gold and precious stones, while the horses of government officials were led by pages. Crowds waved flags and danced in the sunny air. Some were dressed in such characters as "Turks", "Christians", and "Pilgrims" and accompanied by musicians. Figures of the saints were carried in pious hands, followed by long trains of monks and nuns.

In the background, interwoven with the music, was the sound of bells from the thirteen churches which crowned all but one of the city's hills. The fourteenth height was known as Headsman's Hill, for it was there that the heads of executed criminals were displayed. First to one and then to another of the thirteen hills the processions made their way—to the really splendid churches, in each of which the altars and the richly carved woodwork were thickly decorated with pure gold. The stone pulpits, the images, the screens, and the statues of saints outside were no less richly sculptured. And no church was more gloriously decorated than that of St. Ephigenia, the patron saint of the negroes. There the faces of the images were black, for this church had been paid for by a negro slave who had been lucky enough to find sufficient gold to buy freedom for himself and his family.

Most of the statues and other stone carving in the churches of Villa Rica were the work of Aleijadinhos



the Little Cripple. His real name was Antonio Francisco Lisboa, and tradition says that his father was a Portuguese carpenter and his mother a negress slave. Small and misshapen, he suffered from a mysterious disease which gave him his name, for it crippled him so that he could not walk; it caused first his fingers and then his hands to wither away and eventually attacked his face so that he was horrible to look at. Knowing that he looked so repulsive, even frightening, the Little Cripple became more and more fearful of being seen. So, when his favourite slave, Mauricio, had fixed chisel and mallet to the stumps where his hands should have been he worked at his carving behind screens. Two negroes were always at hand to move the blocks of stone on which he worked, and when night fell the Little Cripple, after covering his face with a cloth, came out from behind his screens and was carried home by his servants in a curtained sedan chair.

His work was his only consolation for his terrible fate, and it was work indeed. Every church in Villa Rica was decorated in some way by him, and many in the surrounding towns. When he was nearly sixty he agreed to carve sixty-four life-size wooden images and twelve gigantic stone figures for one church alone.

The Little Cripple was seventy-six when he died in 1814. By then the gold in the river gravel had run out and the gold-seekers had not the skill or inclination, the tools, or the patience to dig ever deeper into the mountains for the precious metal. Instead they turned to cultivating the land, and sometimes moved many miles away.



And so the old gold towns gradually fell asleep. Their splendour had lasted less than 100 years. To-day Villa Rica, now known as Ouro Preto, is a national monument. And as the tropical night drops down as suddenly as a curtain it is said that its steep and silent streets are trodden by ghostly feet. When the clocks strike midnight, they say, a white horse may be seen impatiently pawing the ground outside one of the old churches. Then the church door opens, a ghost appears with a collecting box hanging round its neck and rides the horse away. It is the old sacristan, they say, who still rides round the city asking for alms to build the church that was finished 150 years ago.

### 13. FROM COLONY TO EMPIRE

As the heyday of the gold towns was coming to an end the shadow of Napoleon was spreading over Europe. In October 1807 it reached Portugal, when a French army entered the country and marched rapidly towards Lisbon. The Portuguese royal family had just enough time to embark on a man-of-war and set off for Brazil, escorted by a British fleet. Some of the party fled so hurriedly that they left their money, and even their hats, on the beach as they jumped into boats.

The royal party was led by Prince João, who was ruling Portugal as regent because his mother, Queen Maria, was insane. Besides the mad queen the Prince had with him his wife, the very ugly Princess Carlotta Joaquina, his two sons and six daughters. Then there were 1,000 of Portugal's



proudest nobles, and a whole crowd of maids, valets, grooms, and even cooks and scullions. Altogether there were 15,000 of these refugees.

Besides this human cargo the ships carried as much of the treasure of the kingdom as could be got together in time. The result was that the vessels were badly overloaded, and because they had sailed in such haste there were not enough provisions. One effect of this squalor and discomfort was that all the royal ladies were attacked by a plague of lice, and had to shave their heads to get rid of them. Bad storms on the trip made matters worse, and so the Prince was greatly relieved to reach São Salvador. It had taken him nearly two months to cross the Atlantic.

The people of São Salvador, white and black, went wild with joy in their welcome to the first European reigning prince ever to set foot in the New World. But after spending a month among them the Prince moved on to Rio which was, after all, the colonial capital and so the right place for him to set up his court. The inhabitants of Rio clearly agreed with him. They went nearly delirious with excitement. Night after night the mountains and waters of the great bay were lit up by Bengal fires, rockets, and other fireworks.

Prince João lost no time in making himself agreeable to the colonists. During his stay in São Salvador he had already issued a decree opening the ports of Brazil to the trade of all nations. Once he was settled in Rio the Prince made more changes. It became legal to print books in Brazil, and the first printing presses in the colony were at once set up in several cities. At the same time the



royal library of 60,000 volumes, which had been brought from Lisbon, was opened to the public. The merchants of Rio subscribed money to pay for education, and soon schools were spreading through the country. There were new hospitals, too, and vaccination was introduced in 1811.

All this was only a beginning. Soon the whole city of Rio was being replanned, with new streets and squares, and magnificent houses for the refugee nobility. A military academy was established, and large factories for the making of arms. An engineering school and a naval college were built, and in 1813 Brazil's first theatre was opened in the city. Artists and scholars were invited to come from Europe, and in 1815 the Prince promoted Brazil to the rank of a full kingdom on an equality with Portugal. When his mother died shortly afterwards he was crowned king of the joint kingdoms in Rio. A Portuguese writer who was there has described the wild rejoicing, the "bursts of music, peals of bells, explosions of artillery, deafening shouts, discharges of fireworks".

But behind all this enthusiasm there was growing discontent. It had begun almost as soon as the royal refugees landed in Brazil. The nobles and officials expected to live there in the same luxury and idleness to which they had been accustomed in Portugal, but they had not brought much money with them. So they persuaded King João to invent well-paid jobs for them.

The king was a fat and good-natured man, full of the best intentions, yet he was too timid and hesitant to refuse anybody anything. But Brazil in those days was a poor country. The gold and





PEDRO, FIRST EMPEROR, DECLARING THE INDEPENDENCE OF BRAZIL OUTSIDE SÃO PAULO,  
SEPTEMBER 7, 1822







diamonds had mostly gone to Portugal, and the colonists resented having to pay not only for the court but for a lot of idle courtiers as well.

Matters became worse when the king, finding himself short of money, imposed new taxes. Tobacco, cotton, sugar, hides, and other Brazilian products were all taxed, and so were rents and sales of land. João tried to console the colonists by distributing titles and decorations among them. But this only caused more trouble, because the Portuguese nobles regarded these new counts and knights as upstarts.

Their attitude made the colonists furious. More and more of them began to ask themselves why their enormous land should remain subject to a small country like Portugal. During the previous century there had already been open opposition to Portuguese authority in Brazil. And now, in the west, one Spanish colony after another was throwing off the rule of Spain.

King João realised what the colonists were thinking and introduced a new constitution. Once again there was great popular enthusiasm. The horses were taken from the royal carriage and the excited people themselves drew their monarch to his palace. It seemed as if Brazil had been saved for Portugal after all.

By now Portugal had been free of the French invaders for some years, and the king decided to return home, and to leave his eldest son, Prince Pedro, in charge of Brazil. But when the king reached Lisbon the Portuguese parliament at once tried to turn the clock back in Brazil. Orders were sent to Rio that the government should be dissolved



and the new schools and other institutions closed. Finally, Prince Pedro himself was ordered to return to Portugal.

It was clear that the Portuguese were determined to treat Brazil as a mere colony once more. But the Brazilians, already discontented, had other ideas. They persuaded Pedro to stay with them, and on 7 September 1822, on a hill outside São Paulo, he declared Brazil to be a free country with the cry "Independence or Death!" The few Portuguese troops left in Brazil were quickly rounded up and sent off to Europe with the aid of Admiral Lord Cochrane, fresh from helping the people of Chile to secure their freedom from Spain. Then, 322 years after Cabral had first set foot on its shores, Pedro was crowned first Emperor of Brazil.

#### 14. THE TWO EMPERORS

EVERYTHING should have been in favour of the new Emperor. He was young—only twenty-four, good-looking, an excellent horseman, keen on sport, and fond of music. But Brazil in 1822 was still a backward country, and local politics were rather rough and ready. However, the Brazilians hoped that Pedro would give them what they had never had under Portuguese rule—a fairly loud voice in their own affairs.

But one problem stared Brazil in the face. As the Emperor said: "There is no money, and I do not know what I shall do". The trouble was that the king, when he returned to Portugal, had taken



the entire royal treasury with him. So Pedro introduced some stiff taxes. But many of his subjects, although they had no other ideas for raising money, objected to the taxes.

There were other difficulties between Pedro and his people, some of whom had in any case wanted a republic. There were quarrels over a constitution, with the people demanding every kind of liberty and the Emperor, more cautious, feeling that Brazil should not run before she could walk. Then there were arguments about the bill for a war with Argentina over the province of Uruguay, which broke away from Brazil and became an independent republic in 1825. Another bill caused even more trouble. It arose when Pedro agreed that Portugal should be paid £2,000,000 for her acceptance of Brazil's independence. The Brazilians objected to buying the freedom they already had.

Eventually relations between the Emperor and his subjects became so bad that in April 1831 Pedro abdicated in favour of his five-year-old son, also named Pedro. Six days later he left Brazil for ever aboard a British man-of-war.

The little new Emperor was enthusiastically welcomed by his people. The small boy himself was, of course, too young to rule and he did not begin to do so until 1840, when he was fifteen. Brazil then faced a crisis. We have seen how, in colonial times, Brazil had been divided into provinces based in many cases on the old captaincies. In those days the provinces had been only loosely controlled by the Portuguese governor in Rio. But now they were ruled from the capital much more firmly and to this they objected. Besides, some of the



provinces still supported the first emperor, while others wanted a republic.

It looked as if Brazil was on the verge of breaking up into a number of separate countries, as the Spanish colonial empire in the west had done. But the young Pedro was able to prevent that happening. His father had tried to suppress restive provinces by force, but now it was arranged that they should have more control over their own affairs. They were allowed to impose taxes on products they sent abroad or to other parts of Brazil, and it was even agreed that they should have their own local armies.

Once this difficulty was out of the way Brazil began to forge ahead. But there were two foreign wars to be fought and won. The first, from 1851 to 1852, was against Juan Manuel Rosas, the dictator of Argentina. Then, from 1864 to 1870, Brazil joined Argentina and Uruguay against Francisco Solano Lopez, the tyrannical ruler of Paraguay. The Brazilian bill for the second war alone was a big one for those days—£63,000,000 and 50,000 men killed.

However the population of the empire was growing in size and wealth. The great days of gold and diamonds were over, and the British West Indian islands were now supplying the world with the sugar that had once come from Brazil. Instead Brazil now became the chief source of coffee and the only source of rubber, which was soon being described as "the gold of the Amazon", for that was where it grew. In 1867 Pedro opened that great river to the trade of all nations and during his reign, Brazil's foreign trade increased nearly fivefold.



This progress was naturally reflected in the way the Brazilians lived. In the early days of the empire Rio had been a backward city. Its streets were still narrow, mostly unpaved and badly lit with lamps burning fish-oil. There were no drains and the houses were usually only one storey high. Those with two stories generally had a shop or warehouse on the ground floor. The ladies of the city hardly ever went out except to church and then, in spite of the tropical heat, they travelled in curtained sedan chairs—perhaps in fear of the yellow fever which was a constant plague. The men spent their time gambling, or in endless political discussions in the cafés.

But now this picture began to change quickly. A start was made with rebuilding the older parts of Rio and other cities, and they began to spread into the surrounding countryside. A direct steamship service to Europe was started in 1850, and four years later the Emperor opened Brazil's first railway. On its first "graceful-looking locomotive" was the name of its British maker—W. Fairbairn and Son, Manchester. Within thirty years Brazil had 6,000 miles of railways. Many of them were built by British companies and British engineers.

The Emperor encouraged all these forward moves. A tall and commanding figure, with bright blue eyes and a flowing beard, he looked every inch a monarch. But he hated pomp and disliked wearing uniforms. He was much more interested in books, which he read in many languages. And he liked nothing better than visiting schools, or wandering about unattended and talking to anyone he might meet. He often paid for Brazilian students



to travel in Europe and he was himself a great traveller. He visited the United States and Europe several times, and was able to persuade bankers to lend money to Brazil to pay for modern improvements. But he liked best to visit picture galleries and museums, and to talk to scientists.

The Brazilians were fond of their second emperor. But as he grew old and frail, often falling asleep at cabinet meetings, they began to be uneasy. One reason was that Pedro, having no son, would be followed on the throne by his daughter, the Princess Isabella. She was much disliked for she hid a warm heart behind severe and frosty manners. Her husband was a French nobleman, the Comte d'Eu. He had won the final victory over Lopez in the Paraguayan war and should have been a national hero. Instead he was more unpopular than the Princess, for he was arrogant, deaf, and said to be a miser. And so talk of a republic began to grow.

The old Emperor knew quite well what was happening. But he did nothing. He did not even object when mischievous negro children shouted republican slogans in the street after him. He treated the idea of a republic light-heartedly, saying that he was himself the best republican in Brazil.

## 15. THE END OF SLAVERY

BRAZIL was the only slave state left in the New World. In the second half of last century Brazil's prosperity was entirely based on slavery. Slaves gathered rubber and coffee, slaves worked on the



farms and sugar plantations, in the ports, and as domestic servants. Slaves were no longer brought over from Africa. But so many had been imported in the past that there were still enough slaves in the country. During the eighteenth century, for instance, Africans had been brought into Brazil at the rate of 55,000 a year. By the time Brazil became independent there were 2,000,000 slaves.

When the Spanish-American colonies gained their freedom they at once abolished slavery. Yet Brazil not only kept it but continued to bring in negroes from Africa. This aroused much anger abroad, especially in Britain. The result was that in 1827 Brazil signed a treaty with Britain by which she agreed to stop her African slave trade completely by 1831. But it proved more easy to sign the treaty than to stop the traffic. Brazil's coastline was too long for her small navy to be able to watch over all of it. Between 1827 and 1831 no fewer than 100,000 slaves were brought over from Africa.

At last, in 1850, the Royal Navy was ordered to search all Brazilian ports, rivers, and other possible hiding places, and to seize any slave-ships that might be found. The Emperor had always been opposed to slavery, and he now persuaded the Brazilian parliament to ban the slave traffic with Africa. As a result it came to an end in 1853.

But that was not the end of slavery in Brazil. Children of slaves could be bought and sold by their masters, whose rights over their slaves were recognised by law in the same way as their rights over houses, land, livestock, or any other property. The government collected a tax on each slave, on



the sale of slaves, and also when a slave-owner died and left slaves as a legacy.

For the most part these slaves were well-treated, often as members of the family, for the planters were easy-going folk with no strong feelings about race. A favourite slave was often set free on some special family occasion, such as a christening or wedding, on the planter's birthday, or on a religious holiday. Any slave with ten children, and sometimes those with less, could be freed. Or a slave could buy his liberty by offering his master the price he had cost him.

A German traveller, Johan von Spix, visited Brazil during the empire and commented that the conditions in which the slaves lived were much better than was thought in Europe. He reported that they suffered no lack of food and that they were rarely overworked. Another traveller, the English Maria Graham, wrote: "The Negroes, whether free blacks or slaves, look cheerful and happy at their labours".

Yet there was a darker side to the picture. Some owners of slaves in the towns would turn them loose in the mornings, without any food but with orders to bring back a certain sum of money by nightfall. Anything that they earned above that sum they could keep for themselves. Sometimes badly treated slaves would flee into the jungle, where they would be hunted by bands of ruffians who were often former slaves themselves. Things became worse when the stoppage of the African slave trade threatened a shortage of slaves. The coffee planters of São Paulo began offering to buy slaves for three or four times what the sugar planters in the



north could pay, and a new traffic sprang up in the smuggling of slaves down the coast.

It was these features of slavery in Brazil that aroused criticism abroad. In time many Brazilians began to see slavery as a challenge—a challenge to abolish it whatever the consequences. Of course the planters opposed any such idea. Who, they asked, would compensate them if they lost their slaves? More important, who would do the work if there were no slaves? The country would be ruined.

Yet freedom for the slaves was coming. In 1871 the children of all slaves were made free when they became twenty-one. Fourteen years later another law freed all slaves over sixty-five. The combined results of these laws would eventually have brought slavery to an end. The Emperor thought that this would be the best way of abolishing slavery. If it was done gradually the country would not be so seriously upset. Anyway there was not enough money in the treasury to pay compensation to all slave-owners at once. But Princess Isabella was strongly in favour of ending slavery as soon as possible. Many Brazilians agreed with her. But they realised that if the Princess was allowed to become the champion of freedom for the slaves it would be much more difficult to prevent her from becoming Empress when her father died. And so those who favoured making an end of slavery decided that it was more important first to make an end of the monarchy.

But they had reckoned without the Princess. In May 1888 she was ruling Brazil while the Emperor was in Europe, and she suddenly decreed that all



slaves were to be set free at once without any compensation to their owners. Up to now the planters had been the firmest supporters of the empire. But this action by the Princess made them so angry that they joined forces with the republicans.

The Emperor was sent for from Europe and was excitedly welcomed when he landed in Rio. All seemed well. On 14 November 1889, Pedro gave a great ball to which all the leading citizens of the capital were invited. Dancing went on almost until dawn, and then the old monarch retired to his summer palace in the mountains behind the city. There, shortly afterwards, he was arrested in the first move of a republican revolution led by a general and a professor of mathematics. In Rio itself the palace was ringed by troops and the main government buildings were occupied. The Emperor had forbidden any resistance and only one shot was fired. The soldiers were mainly interested in cutting the imperial crown out of their uniforms and flags.

The venerable Pedro was brought back to Rio. He was allowed to keep all his property and the new government even tried to make him take a pension. This he refused, but he wrote a note of thanks to his captors for their polite and considerate treatment. Then, like his father, he sailed away from Brazil to Portugal. Two years later he died there, and in 1920 his body was brought back to Brazil and reburied with full ceremony in the cathedral at Rio.



## 16. NEW WORKERS FOR OLD

Excitement over the fall of the monarchy soon gave way to anxiety. The freed slaves began flocking into the cities and towns, leaving behind desperate planters not knowing how to replace them. Everywhere the cry was of a "*falta de braços*", a lack of arms.

The solution to the problem sprang from something that had started many years before. During his stay in Brazil King João had encouraged English mechanics and shipwrights, Swedish iron-founders, German engineers, and French manufacturers to come to settle in the New World. In 1817 the king had brought in 2,000 settlers from Switzerland, who established themselves on land they were given near Rio. About the same time two German settlements were founded, and by the middle of the century 120,000 Germans were living in Southern Brazil. Next came the Italians, who began to arrive in Brazil in 1860.

The planters now pressed the new republican government to persuade more Europeans to come to settle in Brazil, and before long new settlers were arriving in their thousands. Besides Germany and Italy and, of course, Portugal, they came from Belgium, Holland, France, Denmark, and Sweden, Iceland, Russia, and Austria. Others arrived from Spain, Rumania, and what was then the Turkish empire. Later came the Japanese, and more recently still there have been Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavs, Estonians, and Lithuanians as new



ingredients in the melting pot of races that Brazil has become.

In the twelve years from the date slavery was abolished to the end of the century, 2,000,000 new settlers entered Brazil. That was nearly three times the number of slaves that had been freed. By 1939 the number of these "new Brazilians" had risen to 5,000,000.

Sometimes these settlers came alone, but more often they brought their families with them. For the most part they tended to go to Southern Brazil where the climate was similar to what they were accustomed to at home, although some groups of Japanese have settled up the Amazon. The arrivals from Southern Europe, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, went to work on the land. Others settled in the towns where they became factory workers, shopkeepers, and servants. Many, Italians in particular, landed in Brazil almost without a penny, but they worked hard and have become very rich. To-day, Crespi and Martinelli are names to be reckoned with in São Paulo. The most impressive success-story is that of the Matarazzo family, who own, in São Paulo and the southern states, a private shipping line and no fewer than 367 factories, cotton and sugar mills.

All the southern Europeans have settled down in Brazil and have become quickly absorbed in the local population. But the hundreds of thousands of Germans in Southern Brazil established self-contained colonies, with their own schools, churches, clubs, and newspapers. They were complete reproductions, down to the last architectural detail,



of Bavarian and Rhineland villages. Brazilian servants had to learn German because their employers could not speak Portuguese and took no trouble to learn.

Altogether these German settlements, and those of the Japanese, especially round the city of São Paulo, where they have become market gardeners, were almost completely insulated from the normal life of Brazil. One result was a great deal of Nazi activity among the Germans during the last war, and the formation of terrorist societies among the Japanese. So the Brazilian government dealt strictly with them. For instance, newspapers in foreign languages were forbidden and all children were obliged to go to Brazilian schools, or at least to learn Portuguese. To-day, with most of the former barriers between themselves and the Brazilians broken down, Germans and Japanese are on the way to becoming as good citizens of their adopted country as any of the other newcomers from the Old World.

## 17. GREEN GOLD

THANKS to the new workers the end of slavery brought Brazil not ruin but prosperity. With them came money, lent by foreign countries, to build new railways, tramway systems, water and gas works, and power stations. The countries which lent this money—a great deal of it came from Britain—were impressed by the way in which Brazil was growing and selling to the world more and more coffee, cocoa, cotton, and sugar and,



most important of all, rubber from the Amazon valley.

Rubber was produced in Brazil as early as the eighteenth century. It came from a tree found nowhere else and so, 200 years later, Brazil was the only place which could supply rubber to Europe's growing industries. The coming of motor-cars and cycles increased the demand for rubber. Then there was a rush to the Amazon by thousands of Brazilians. Manaús, 1,000 miles from the mouth of the Amazon, became one of the world's richest cities. There rubber millionaires lived in magnificent palaces and heard the most famous singers in an opera house which rivalled the best in Europe.

In 1876 a young Englishman, Henry Wickham, smuggled some rubber seeds out of Brazil and sent them to Kew Gardens. There they were carefully nursed and soon some other seeds were sent to be planted in Ceylon, Malaya, Java, and Sumatra. By 1912 Brazil's rubber was knocked right out of the world market—because rubber scientifically grown in the Asian plantations was of better quality, and could be produced more cheaply, than rubber from the Amazon which had to be collected from trees growing wild over 1,000,000 square miles of jungle.

Brazil still produces rubber, but not enough for her own needs, and now she has to import it from Asia. So rubber is no longer in the list of Brazil's exports. Instead there is cocoa, of which Brazil is the second largest producer after Ghana, cotton, timber, and fruit. At the top of the list is coffee.

Just as the seeds of the rubber tree were smuggled out of Brazil the seeds of the coffee tree were



smuggled in, as long ago as 1727. They were first planted at the mouth of the Amazon, but 100 years later coffee was being grown mainly in the south, particularly in the state of São Paulo, where it flourished in the *terra roxa*, the red earth of the region. By the beginning of this century Brazil was growing more coffee than any other country, as she still does. To-day one of every two bags of coffee produced in the world comes from Brazil. And because this red berry grown on millions of dark green trees is still their most valuable export the Brazilians call coffee their *ouro verde*, green gold.

A *fazenda*, a coffee plantation, is laid out very like the sugar plantations of colonial times. The big house of the *fazendeiro* is still the centre of all activity. Sometimes it is an old-fashioned one-storey building, raised off ground level by brick piers and encircled by a broad veranda draped with brilliant bougainvillea and other flowering climbers. Sometimes it is a modern country house with marble swimming pool and even television.

Beyond the garden is generally a fruit orchard, with many kinds of orange trees, lemons, bananas, pineapples, avocado pears, and perhaps an odd grape-like kind of fruit called a *jaboticaba* which grows up the trunk of the tree. A little distance off are the rows of small houses where the *colonos*, the plantation workers, live almost in the shadow of the big house as the slaves used to do long ago. Here, too, are the cement terraces where the coffee beans are spread out to dry in the sun, and the mill where they are shelled and washed.

Big house, small houses, drying grounds, and mill are together just an island in a sea of coffee



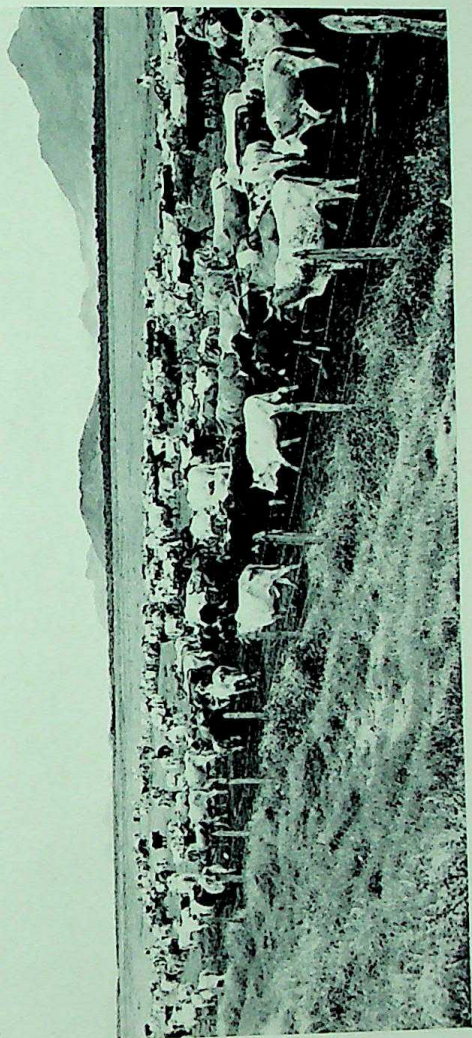
trees spreading over the low hills. The trees, all between 18 and 20 feet high, each carefully planted in an eight-foot square, look like an army marching to every horizon. And it is generally a large army. An average plantation has anything from 20,000 to 50,000 trees, and there are several with more than 1,000,000.

Looking at a big plantation to-day it is difficult to realise how much hard work went into the making of it. The first job is always to clear the thick jungle or undergrowth, and this is usually done by unskilled workers from the interior. They make a start with hatchets and finally set the whole area ablaze in a *queimada*, or burning, so that nothing of the original vegetation is left. Then these backwoodsmen retire and an army of agricultural workers, usually Italian immigrants, begins to prepare the soil for the coffee trees.

This preparation can take as long as three years. Then the young trees, taken from special nurseries, are planted out in straight rows. At first maize or rice is sown between them to help keep the ground clear of weeds. Then, at the end of another three to five years, a great ball of white, waxy blossom on each tree shows that it is about to bear its first crop. It takes about 1,000 trees to produce a ton of coffee. A tree yields most when it is between fourteen and eighteen years old and generally becomes useless when it reaches the age of forty—although some veterans are still producing coffee at the age of eighty or a hundred.

The coffee harvest in Brazil lasts from May to August. The blossom is replaced by small green berries which turn as red as cherries as they ripen.





ROUNDING UP CATTLE IN MATTO GROSSO, IN CENTRAL BRAZIL





PICKING COTTON



The berries are picked by hand, sometimes as many as 2,000 from a single tree. Then they are either loaded on to carts and taken down to the storehouses round the mills or, on more up-to-date plantations, they are carried there by fresh water flowing along special channels.

Next the berries are handled in one of two ways. One is the so-called "dry process" in which the berries are spread out on the drying grounds at once. There they are left until they are dry enough to be shelled in the mill, when the coffee bean we see in the shops is freed from the husk. The second method is known as the "wet process". In this the berries are poured into large water tanks, from which they are drawn off for shelling by the machines. Only after that are they put out to dry. The next stage is for the beans to be run over giant sieves through which they fall into bags according to their size. The bags are then loaded on to lorries and taken to the nearest railway station.

As well as supervising all this hard work the *fazendeiro* has to deal with a lot of red tape. There are inspectors at all stations where coffee is despatched, and they sample the beans. They also make sure that the *fazendeiro* has complied with all the regulations. For instance, he has to declare the name of his *fazenda*, the district in which it lies, the number of its coffee trees, and the amount of coffee he proposes to despatch at each harvest.

There are two reasons for these checks. One is to make sure that only the best-quality coffees are sold abroad. The other is to prevent too much coffee being put on the market at once and so



bringing down the price. If the plantations are producing coffee at a faster rate than it is being shipped it is not sent directly to the ports but to warehouses. There it is held, sometimes for a year, before being passed on to the ports.

Coffee leaves Brazil through several ports, but more than two in every three of the 900,000 bags shipped each month passes through Santos, the world's greatest coffee port, just as one in every three of those bags goes to the United States. When the bags reach Santos they are emptied and the beans sucked by pipes on to conveyor belts which carry them to layers of sieves, each of which is labelled with a certain coffee grading. Once again, as on the *fazenda*, the beans fall through the sieves into bags with labels identical to those on the sieves. As each bag is filled it is closed, weighed, and counted automatically. Then it is moved by conveyor either into a warehouse or straight aboard ship.

## 18. VARGAS

HE was born in 1883 on his family's cattle ranch near the Argentine border, in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. His father was an army officer, and at first he too thought he would be a soldier. But after doing his military service he turned to the law, always a stepping-stone to politics in South America. Soon he was in the parliament of his home state; then in Congress, the Brazilian parliament at Rio; then Minister of Finance; then back to his own state as governor. Two years



later Getulio Dornelles Vargas was President of the Republic.

His first spell as ruler of Brazil lasted for fifteen years, during which his working day often stretched over as many hours. For much of the time he governed without a parliament. But he always listened carefully to experts on all kinds of subjects. After thinking over what he had been told he announced his decisions. Now and then he organised a public-opinion poll. If it showed that the people did not approve of what he had done he would then alter his decisions.

Once or twice Dr. Vargas had to face more violent disapproval. In 1938, for instance, some Brazilian fascists disguised as soldiers attacked his palace. With his daughter he hid behind the curtains of an upstairs window and, supported by four guards, kept the rebels off with steady rifle fire until reinforcements arrived. But that sort of thing was exceptional. Dr. Vargas was never afraid of being murdered and, like the Emperor Pedro II, he was fond of walking about on his own. He enjoyed doing his own shopping.

In fact the Brazilians were rather fond of their dumpy President. He was only 5 ft. 2 ins. tall and being rather fat he was nick-named Xu-xu (pronounced shoo-shoo) which is the Brazilian version of the vegetable marrow. And nobody ever called him anything except Getulio, for it is a Brazilian habit to talk about their leaders by their Christian names.

The Brazilians thought their President a very clever man. One saying was that he could take off his socks without removing his shoes. Many



stories were told about him, and Dr. Vargas always enjoyed hearing them. This is one. One of his ministers, trying to flatter him, brought him a problem which, he said, could only be solved by the President. After describing the problem the minister asked Dr. Vargas how he should settle it. To which the President replied: "Deixe ficar como está para se ver como é que fica". Which means: "Let us see what will happen if we wait and see". Here is another of these stories. Dr. Vargas heard that a government official was an aspiring poet, so he sent for him and asked him how he was getting on. The official replied that his poems were doing "fairly well". "Only fairly well?" exclaimed the President. "I shall give you a better job, with less work. Then you will have more time to write poetry."

Dr. Vargas never forgot his cowboy origins. Cowboy films were his favourites; he always wore a wide-brimmed hat, and he was never happier than on the back of a good horse. Yet he did something which no Brazilian president had ever done before. An enthusiastic air traveller, he journeyed by plane to every corner of his vast country.

President Vargas brought Brazil into the Second World War beside the Allies in 1942, just as she had joined them in the First World War in 1917. By 1945 the Brazilians thought they would like a change of government, and they quietly but firmly forced Dr. Vargas to resign. He retired to Rio Grande and, in 1950, being triumphantly elected President, he became ruler of Brazil for the second time.



He was now 67, and he had to rule in a way approved by the political parties. He was not used to that. He also seemed to have lost his former magic touch. Inflation came, the cost of living rose sky-high and opposition to him grew. At last, discouraged by criticism and what seemed to be the failure of his policies, he shot himself in 1954.

The Brazilians were shocked. None of their rulers had ever before died a violent death. And so the whole nation mourned for Dr. Vargas. He had been the dominant figure in Brazil for twenty-four years and President for nineteen of them.

Certainly during his first period of office he had been a dictator. Yet he had no particular kind of political doctrine, his followers wore no uniforms, and there was no religious or racial persecution under his rule. Dr. Vargas was no great believer in democracy, and in any case Brazil—so vast and with so small a population—is not an easy place in which to make democracy work. But the real reason why Dr. Vargas ruled as a dictator was that he saw that many things needed doing in Brazil, and he decided that only a dictator could begin to do them.

## 19. THE VARGAS VISION

WHEN Dr. Vargas became President he found that, although Brazil had been politically free for more than a century, she still depended on foreign countries for her existence. Brazil sold her coffee and other raw materials overseas, and used the money they earned to buy manufactured goods from Britain and other industrialised nations.



The First World War had already upset this scheme of things because, although Brazil was still able to sell her products abroad, the Old World was too busy making war material to be able to make the things she needed in exchange. So Brazil began to make textiles and shoes for herself.

Ten years after the end of the war things became worse. The world was hit by a depression. Fewer and fewer countries bought Brazilian products and so their price went down badly. That meant that Brazil had not enough money to buy the manufactures she needed, or to pay the interest on her foreign debts. The situation became so bad that the government, trying to avoid the ruin of the coffee-planters, bought from them the coffee they could not sell abroad and either burnt it or poured it into the sea. Between 1930 and 1944 no fewer than 78,000,000 bags of coffee were destroyed.

It was when the outlook was most bleak that Dr. Vargas became President. He realised at once that Brazil was in a position in which foreign countries, by buying or not buying what she produced, could dictate whether she should be poor or prosperous. But Dr. Vargas also had a vision of another Brazil—a Brazil using her vast deposits of iron ore, manganese, nickel, cobalt and chromium to make for herself many of the things she had previously bought abroad. He saw factories driven by electric power from some of the greatest water resources in the world, and by oil from Brazilian wells. He saw, too, a Brazil with modern roads and railways and able to feed herself.

Two problems had to be solved first. One was to



remove the rivalry between the various states. As we have seen, the Emperor Pedro II had given each of the twenty states a good deal of freedom to prevent them breaking away. But now each state was almost a country on its own. The weaker states were jealous of the stronger ones. Above all, the average Brazilian felt himself to be a citizen of his state first and only of Brazil afterwards.

The second problem was that the growers of coffee, cotton, and sugar were not keen on any changes. They had had bad times now and then, but altogether they had become prosperous. They were able to live in large houses, to buy all kinds of foreign luxuries and to travel frequently to Europe.

To solve both problems Dr. Vargas knew he would have to be tough. He lost no time over the first problem. He stripped the different states of many of their independent powers and put them all under the control of his own government in Rio.

He tackled his second problem more indirectly. It was made illegal for foreign currency to be used to buy luxuries abroad, or for foreign travel. Instead, equipment for new factories and fuel for running them were allowed to be brought into Brazil freely. Otherwise Dr. Vargas ignored the rich classes. He turned to the poor, undernourished and uneducated part of the population. He spoke directly to the Brazilian little man. For the first time in Brazil hours of work and wages were controlled by law, and it was made compulsory for workers to belong to a trade union. Holidays with pay, sick benefits, old-age pensions, and family allowances were introduced, and special



courts were set up to make sure that all these laws were properly carried out. It was for these things that Dr. Vargas became known as "Father of the poor".

Next, the President drew up a plan for Brazil's industrial revolution. First, he wanted to increase the output of the factories Brazil already had, and to build up new industries. Second, he wanted the farms to grow more food. Third, he wanted to improve the roads and railways, so that the factories and farms could be supplied and their products moved where they were wanted. Fourth, he wanted to harness Brazil's waterfalls and rivers to provide electric power, and to prospect for oil, to keep the wheels of factories and tractors turning.

That was the plan on which Dr. Vargas began work. It is the plan on which Brazil is still working to-day.

## 20. FACTORIES AND FARMS

### *The Factories*

TO-DAY Brazil is the most important manufacturing country in South America. If we were to look for one of the main foundations on which her industry has been built up we would find it in what was once a corner of a peaceful fruit and cattle farm, halfway between Rio and São Paulo. There the new and bustling city of Volta Redonda is now lit up by the deep red glow of blast furnaces in the centre of one of the most modern steel industries in the New World.

These steelworks were built with the help of



money borrowed from the United States and, fed by coal from mines in south Brazil, they are turning out 1,000,000 tons of steel a year—everything from track for the railways to barbed wire for fencing the plantations. Already these works, and forty other steel mills, produce more rails than Brazil bought abroad before the war.

Most steel-making towns are drab places, but Brazil's Sheffield has never quite forgotten its country origins. The steel mill itself is built on the banks of the Paraíba river, and the town spreads up wooded slopes behind it. In streets lined with flowering trees are hotels, shops, and theatres, and houses for the steel-workers, each with a garden different from the next one.

The steel company, which belongs jointly to the Brazilian Government and to private Brazilian shareholders, hands over a proportion of its profits to the workers. They have special restaurants where they can get cheap meals, playgrounds, and free milk and schooling for their children, and facilities for all kinds of games. Of these *futebol*, soccer, is by far the national favourite, although the steel-workers also find time to use swimming pools and to run a musical and dramatic society, and even a flying club.

The way Brazil's steel industry has suddenly grown up is typical of what has happened in other industries, particularly in the state of São Paulo and Minas Gerais. Factories already in existence have doubled or trebled in size while others have seemingly just sprung out of the ground fully equipped, often with Brazilian-made machinery. In 1950 Brazil already had twice as many factories



as she had possessed ten years before, and the number has continued to grow.

There is hardly anything that immediately comes to mind that Brazil does not now make for herself. It might be an aeroplane, or some kind of building material such as cement, of which she now produces all she uses. Or it might be household goods, like linen and blankets. Or soap. Or wooden and steel furniture. Or pencils and ink. All these articles are now marked "Made in Brazil". So are all kinds of electrical fittings—cables and batteries, refrigerators, toasters, heaters, irons, and floor-polishers. There are more delicate things, too, like china and glass, lace, hats, gloves, boots and shoes, jewellery and perfumes.

All these articles are made in modern factories with the latest machinery, built in bright and smoke-free surroundings quite unlike industrial areas in Europe. And many of them are not only sold at home but also exported to neighbouring countries—so that Brazil is not only saving herself the money she once spent in buying these things abroad, but is actually earning money in selling them overseas herself.

Yet no industries can be built up without money and Brazil's industries have increased so fast that the Brazilians themselves have not had the money to do everything they have wanted to do. This is a problem that foreign countries have helped to solve. Finding that they can no longer sell to Brazil the things they once did, because the Brazilians now make them for themselves, many countries are building factories in Brazil, often in partnership with the Brazilians.



This has been done since the war by British, United States, French, German, Italian, and Japanese companies, and thanks to them Brazil is making yet other things she used to buy abroad. Things like boilers, diesel engines, jeeps, buses, lorries, passenger cars, and cycles, and tyres of all sizes for them; locomotives, coaches, and trucks for the railways, tractors and tools for the farms, cranes for the ports, typewriters for the offices, and sewing machines for the housewives.

### *The Farms*

The appearance of more and more factories in Brazil caused a crisis on the farms. Their workers, attracted by higher pay and better houses, began to drift from the country to the towns. In any case more factory workers earning more money wanted more food.

In colonial times Brazil grew enough food for herself. But during the twentieth century things had changed. The farms were pushed inland, farther and farther from the most densely inhabited districts. So things became unbalanced. Some regions got their food easily, but elsewhere wheat, and even vegetables, had to be bought from neighbouring countries. Brazil still produced all the food she needed, particularly the *feijão*, or black beans, and the rice and the manioc flour on which millions of Brazilians live. But because all this home-grown food could not always be properly stored, or moved quickly to where it was wanted, as much as one third of it was wasted every year.

It soon became clear that there was no sense



in multiplying factories at the expense of the farms, and if the workers could not be fed. So plans were made to improve the growing of food and its storage and distribution. To try to stop, or at least slow down, the drift of farm workers to the towns new houses were built for them on the farms, and schools for their children, and better health services were organised to fight the diseases from which so many countryfolk suffer in Brazil. Next came more slaughter-houses, warehouses, and cold-storage plants, and experimental stations were set up to show the farmers how to use fertilisers which many of them had never seen before. Great stretches of land were improved by irrigation and drainage, and farmers were lent money to buy tractors to replace the hoes they had been using for centuries.

To-day Brazil grows about half the wheat she needs, and hopes to grow all of it before long. To-day, too, Brazil has become the second most important beef-raising country in the world. She has a cattle population of 55,000,000, almost one beast for every man, woman, and child. Compare this with the 90,000,000 head of cattle possessed by the United States for her 160,000,000 inhabitants. In time Brazil will become an important meat exporter.

And while we are looking at the problems of the land we must not forget that, in spite of all her new industries, Brazil still depends very much on the coffee she sells abroad to buy equipment for still more factories, and those things which she still does not make for herself. Seven out of every ten dollars earned by Brazil's exports still come from coffee.



## 21. RAILWAYS, ROADS, AND RUNWAYS

*Railways*

ALL the factories in Brazil would be useless without railways and roads to bring them supplies and to carry away their products. The trouble has been, and still is, that Brazil has never had enough railways and roads for her size.

The railways are split into three almost self-contained groups, with five different gauges between them. There is one network in north-east Brazil, another in the south-east, and a third in the extreme south. It is impossible even to-day to travel from one end of the country to the other by train. One or two lines run some hundreds of miles inland, but most are concentrated near the coast and serve only the most populated districts. The whole vast central area of Brazil has hardly been tapped by any line at all. So, although Brazil has 23,000 miles of railways, trains do not reach nearly as far into the interior as the colonial pioneers did.

Not only has Brazil not enough railways but those she has have been badly overworked. Between 1934 and 1945 passengers and goods carried by them more than doubled, but there was hardly any increase in the number of locomotives, coaches, and trucks. And wood for the engines had to be carried long distances by lorries using expensive imported petrol.

Now the railways are being revived. With the help of money lent by foreign countries worn-out rolling stock and wood-burning engines are being



replaced by streamlined diesel-electric, electric, and diesel locomotives, and steel passenger coaches, and goods trucks and tank waggons are coming into service. Some of these have been built abroad, others come from Brazil's own factories. New railway workshops have been built, existing tracks and signalling systems completely replaced and thousands of miles of new track laid. But Brazil's railways are still only scratches on her vast surface.

### *Roads*

Roads reach to many parts of Brazil where a train has never been seen. The total mileage of roads is given as 213,000. But four in every five of those miles have been, until recently, mere mud tracks baked hard in the sun but swamped and useless in wet weather. However, the growth of industry and rising motor traffic has made more roads urgently needed, and so old roads are now being remade and new ones built.

One of the most important of these new highways will run for 2,400 miles—the distance from London to Newfoundland—from Salvador south, through Rio and São Paulo, to Porto Alegre in the state of Rio Grande do Sul. Other new roads will branch inland off this north-south trunk road and help to open up districts where transport is still by pack-mule or ox-cart.

How important such new roads can be was shown a few years ago when a new motor-road was opened between Rio and São Paulo. The cost of carrying goods between the two cities at



once dropped by half and the travelling time by nearly half—from eleven to six hours.

### *Runways*

It will take many years and a great deal of money before Brazil is able to build enough railways and roads. Meanwhile she has become one of the world's leading users of the aeroplane. This is not as surprising as it might seem, because a Brazilian, Alberto Santos-Dumont, was among the early pioneers of aviation. It is often forgotten nowadays that he made the first public flight in a heavier-than-air machine in 1906. The Wright brothers did not fly publicly until two years later.

Santos-Dumont did not live to see how much his own country would come to depend on the invention he helped to develop. In 1940, for instance, seventy-nine Brazilian aircraft were flying fifty-one routes totalling 40,000 miles. In that year they carried 66,000 passengers and 613 tons of cargo. By 1951 the number of passengers being carried had risen to 2,241,000 and the amount of cargo to 51,000 tons. Looked at another way those figures, which are even higher now, mean that each year forty-four in every thousand Brazilians travel somewhere by air, compared with twelve in every thousand Europeans.

To-day the aeroplane is as important to Brazil as the ox-cart and canoe were to the pioneers of long ago. Before the days of air travel it took fifteen days to travel along the coast from Rio to Belém at the mouth of the Amazon. It still takes fifteen days—by boat, but the air lines do the



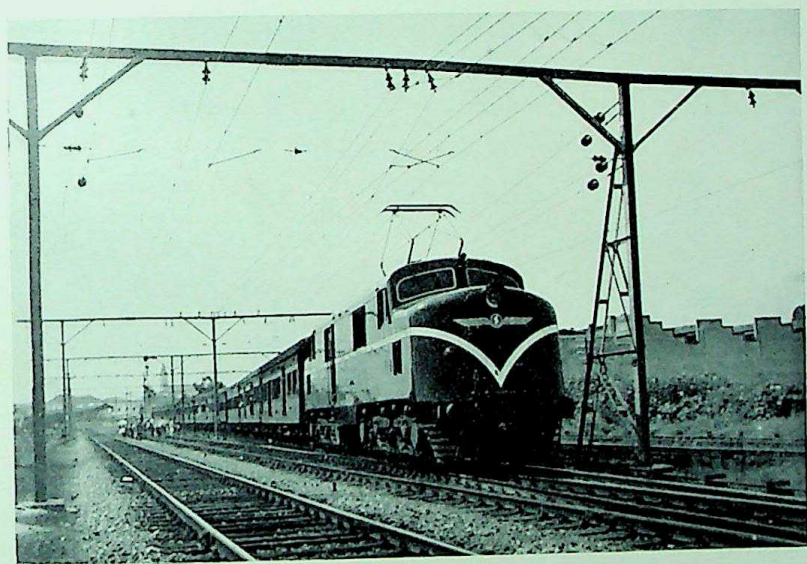
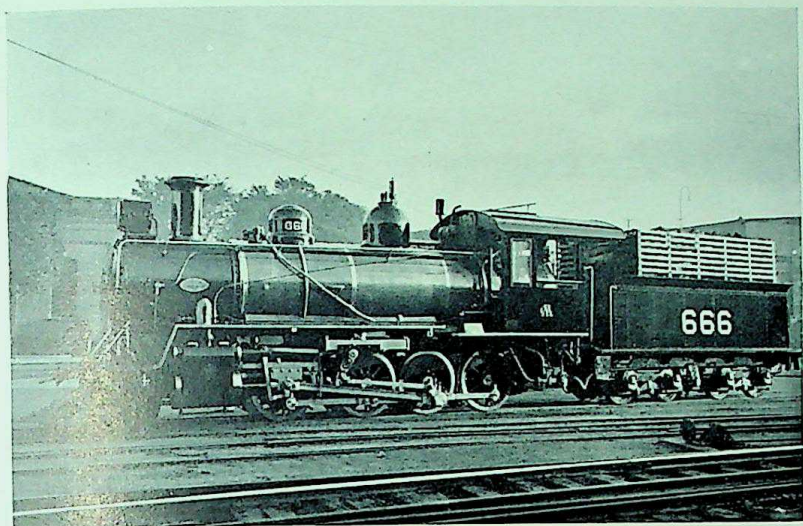
trip in seven hours and they make twenty-four round flights each week. Or southwards the rail journey to Porto Alegre takes five days but by plane only as many hours—and there are seventy-eight round trips weekly.

To handle this dense air traffic Brazil has no fewer than 450 airports. Of these nineteen are of the most modern type. Such an airport is that at São Paulo, where no fewer than 34,000 planes land every year. Almost as many come into the two airports at Rio which is linked with São Paulo by 373 flights *each week*.

But the most up-to-date airports are not the most typical in Brazil. Deep inland the building of airports has owed more to local enterprise and enthusiasm than to modern equipment and skilled workers. What often happened was that pilots would fly over isolated towns and drop letters urging the inhabitants to build runways, and enclosing instructions about how to do it. The pilots promised to return and land within a given time. In every case the townsfolk responded eagerly, and later the primitive runways they built, often of bare mud, were expanded into fully equipped airfields.

Even that part of the job has not always been easy. At Cuyabá, the old gold town, the building of a new airport meant that bulldozers had to be brought hundreds of miles across country. At the nearest railway station they were transferred to barges for a four-month journey up river. But a few miles short of Cuyabá the river began to dry up, and the barges stuck in the mud. Each bulldozer had then to be taken to pieces, carried ashore





# OLD AND NEW ON THE RAILWAYS

(Above) A Brazilian-built narrow gauge steam locomotive. Note the logs piled high on the tender

(Below) A broad gauge electric locomotive hauling an express





A 200 YEAR OLD CHURCH IN RIO



and loaded on to a lorry. Now Cuyabá has a busy airfield where, besides the regular airlines, many private planes land every day. They belong to farmers and cattle-breeders coming to do business or shopping. Big landowners often have as many as four or five airstrips on their estates.

Aeroplanes are the maids-of-all-work of Brazil. Besides passengers they carry all kinds of cargoes—cars, lorries, shoes from factories in one part of the country to shops in another part, or oil-drilling machinery to prospectors up the Amazon. Planes move pedigree cattle from ranch to market, and food from the interior to cities on the coast in exchange for fish.

However, in spite of her aircraft, her roads and her railways, Brazil still depends very heavily, as in colonial times, on ships to carry cargoes up and down her 5,000-mile coast. More than 300 steamers link her seventy-three ports, carrying coal for her steel mills, salt for her chemical industry, rice, wheat, and sugar. And other and larger vessels proudly show the flag of Brazil in the ports of North America and Europe.

## 22. ALL THE BRAZILIANS

WHEN Brazil became independent in 1822 her population was about 4,000,000. A century later it was 30,000,000. To-day there are 61,000,000 Brazilians, and their number is increasing by 1,000,000 a year. Just over half of them are less than twenty-five years old and two-thirds are under fifteen.

Half the people of Brazil are of European



origin, mainly Portuguese. The rest are a mixture of European and Indian, European and Negro, Indian and Negro. In fact there is more racial variety in Brazil than in any other country. Although her population is not so overwhelmingly European, the whole atmosphere is much more European than it is in North America. Another way in which Brazil is different from the United States is that in Brazil, in spite of the great mixture of races, or perhaps as a result of it, there is no racial hatred.

To-day one Brazilian in every four lives in a city or town. São Paulo, with its 3,000,000 inhabitants, is the largest city, closely followed by Rio and, some way behind, by thirty-four other cities with more than 50,000 people. Two Brazilians in every three live in country districts, but more and more move to the towns every year. This, with births in the cities, means that the number of city-dwellers is growing faster than the population of the whole country, and much faster than the population of the country districts.

Besides that, the inhabitants of the country districts are not evenly spread. In the south there may be as many as fifteen or twenty to the square mile, and here the population is mainly white. In the north the inhabitants are more mixed and less concentrated. In Brazil's "middle west" and the Amazon basin there is sometimes not even one person to the square mile. In fact two-thirds of Brazil is lived in by less than one-tenth of the population. Three-quarters of them live in the coastal belt, which is still the most thickly peopled region, as it was in colonial times.



In the cities you will find radio and television, most of the 1,000 newspapers published in Brazil, libraries, museums, schools of art, music and drama. But in the country districts a high proportion of people cannot read or write. They are so scattered that it has been difficult and expensive to build enough schools for all of them. However, more schools are being built all the time, and the gap is also being filled with mobile schools and libraries mounted on lorries. These travel round the country areas to teach not only the children but also their parents.

Yet, although perhaps half the population is illiterate, Brazil has already produced famous poets, like Olavo Bilac, authors like José de Alencar—who modelled his style on Sir Walter Scott's—and composers like Villa Lobos and Francisco Mignone. These men were produced mainly by the civilised parts of the country, but we must not forget that the Brazilian countryfolk have contributed dances like the *maxixe* and the *samba*, now so popular in Europe.

All Brazilians, wherever they live and whatever the colour of their skin, have certain characteristics in common. One is a fondness for using the names of famous men as Christian names. Mozart, Newton, Nelson, and Cochrane are some examples. Then they are warm-hearted and very democratic in their habits; you shake hands with practically everyone. They are always polite and hospitable. "*Bondade*" or goodness of heart is a quality much prized in Brazil. "Whenever I have met with Brazilians, from the greatest to the meanest, I must say I have always experienced the greatest politeness." So



wrote Maria Graham more than a century ago, and it is still true to-day.

Besides being polite the Brazilian is also proud. Not of wealth, for he is often poor, but of his country and his personal freedom, and of being an individual.

### 23. SOME BRAZILIANS

#### *Caboclo and Carioca*

Two hundred and forty years ago the flagbearers were scornfully nicknamed *caboclos* by their rival gold-hunters. There are still *caboclos* in Brazil, for the most part of mixed Portuguese and Indian descent, with here and there a dash of Negro blood.

The *caboclo* of to-day lives mainly along the Amazon and its tributaries, in mud huts built in small clearings carved out of the jungle. He keeps a few goats, pigs, and chickens, and may live on monkeys, or alligators, or turtles caught when they come ashore at night to lay their eggs. But as often he will depend chiefly on maize and the manioc flour introduced to his Portuguese ancestors by the Indians. The *caboclo* lives by exchanging wild rubber or brazil nuts or alligator skins for soap, knives, and other things. They are brought by traders in the canoes, which are the only vehicles to reach these lonely settlements along the rivers which are the only roads to them.

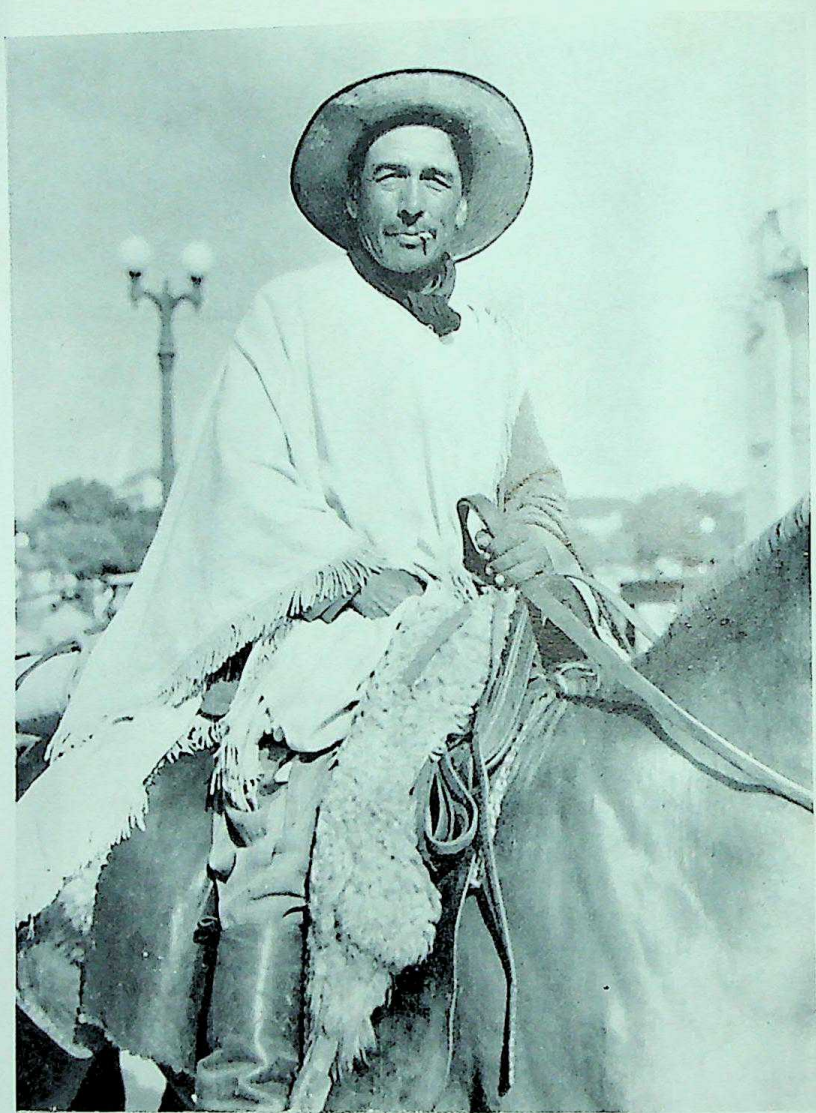
Let us take the river road down the Amazon. We pass Manaus, former rubber capital of the world, and now the place where 500,000 alligator skins a year are tanned to make shoes and belts and





RIO, A CITY BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND SEA. THE SUGAR-LOAF IS IN THE FOREGROUND





THE GAUCHO  
(See page 88)



handbags. At the mouth of the Amazon we pass Belém, its streets said to be lined with 1,400,000 trees and paved with granite brought by ships which once sailed in to load rubber.

Down the coast we sight São Luiz, founded by the French so long ago, and important now for its trade in the babassú nut, rich in oil. Next comes Fortaleza, centre of the trade in wax from the carnaúba palm. Then Recife, guarded by a reef part-coral and part-volcanic, girdled by coconut palms and full of memories of the Dutch. And Salvador, with its 365 churches—a city built on two levels connected by lifts.

All along this coast is the favourite home of the most mixed Brazilians—all combinations of Portuguese, Indian, and Negro. Here the people are voluble, expansive, and exuberant. All these qualities are brought together, sometimes overwhelmingly, in the *carioca*, citizen of Rio de Janeiro.

A mile-wide entrance brings us into Rio's world-famous bay, which is sixteen miles long and eleven miles wide, and ringed round by mountains of most shapes and many sizes. There is the round-topped Pão de Açúcar, or Sugar Loaf, guarding the entrance to the bay, the Corcovado, or Hunchback, crowned with a figure of Christ 130 feet high which is illuminated at night, and the Dedo de Deus, or Finger of God.

Rio, like the whole of Brazil, is a place of opposites. The ultra-modern sky-scrapers, which look as if they are trying to rival the mountains, are a complete contrast to the riot of natural beauty in which the city is set. Tall blocks of flats and luxurious hotels strung along the bathing



beaches compare sharply with the *favelas*, the tin shacks in which the less fortunate *carioca*, usually negro or mulatto, lives in poverty—although not unhappily. Walking down one street you will be almost overwhelmed by great office blocks of the latest architectural design, while another will be flanked by quiet houses in large and beautiful gardens, little changed since the days of the emperors. Busy docks, factories, old-style open-fronted shops in narrow streets, new-style shops with plate-glass and chromium in wide avenues with mosaic pavements—all are part of Rio, city of the *carioca*.

And what about the *carioca* himself? He is gayer than most Brazilians, charming, witty, being fond of subtle jokes, and easy-going. Perhaps he is a little indolent, too. More than most of his countrymen he is fond of the expressions “*Não faz mal*” or “*Não importa*”—“It doesn’t matter”. But that is only the *carioca*’s little joke, for he knows that Rio is a city that many countries in the world would give much to possess.

### *The Mineiro*

Behind the mountains circling Rio bay, on the uplands of Minas Gerais, lives the *mineiro*. He is the descendant of the crowds who flocked to his province to dig for gold and diamonds and, when these were exhausted, turned aside to farming. To-day four out of every five work in agriculture or cattle-raising. Yet for the *mineiro* the industrial revolution is already on its way, for his state is valued now not so much for gold and diamonds,



although these are still found, as for its enormous iron-ore deposits, reckoned to be the largest in the world.

The provincial capital, Belo Horizonte, or Beautiful Horizon, is a portent. Founded only sixty years ago the city already has half a million inhabitants. But new roads and power stations do not excite the *mineiro*. He is a quiet man, set and guarded in his habits and suspicious of strangers. In many ways the *mineiro* is like the Scot, cautious and seldom committing himself without careful thought. And he tends to live in poorer conditions, and to regard elementary comforts as less important, than his *paulista* neighbour.

### *The Paulista*

A *paulista* is a native of the state of São Paulo. That does not mean only those of Portuguese origin. A *paulista's* parents may have been Italian, or German, or Japanese, or British like those of the present writer. Yet anyone born in São Paulo, whatever the nationality of his parents, is a *paulista*.

São Paulo has been called "the motor of Brazil" and certainly it is the richest and most enterprising part of the republic. In 1872 the city of São Paulo had only 26,000 inhabitants. In 1920 the figure was 580,000. To-day it is 3,000,000. And it is still growing, in an atmosphere of hustle in which anything built only twenty years ago is liable to be torn down and replaced by a building which is the last word in design and modern equipment.

For the *paulista* thinks almost automatically in terms of money and progress. He has been mainly



responsible, so far, for the success of Brazil's industrial revolution. Knowing that his state contributes no less than two-thirds of the total national revenue to the Brazilian treasury, the *paulista* believes that "he who pays the piper calls the tune". He has become used to saying what he thinks about the nation's fortunes, and to being listened to when he says it.

### *The Gaucho*

The *gaucho* is the man from Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil's southernmost province—"the Brazilian Texas" as it is often called. It is bordered on two sides by the Spanish-speaking Uruguay and by Argentina, and this fact is reflected in many features of the *gaucho's* life, including his name. He too wears the baggy trousers called *bombachas* and the *poncho*, a blanket with a hole in the middle through which he thrusts his head. In fact the *gaucho* is more like the Uruguayans and the Argentines than he is like the people of the rest of Brazil. While they will prefer a mule, or at least not object to it, nothing less than a horse—and a good one—will do for the *gaucho*. For it is on his horse that he will roam the southern *campo* guarding the large herds of cattle kept mainly for hides and tallow, and for the *xarque*, or salt-dried beef, eaten by the poorer people in the cities and towns.



## 24. SOME MORE BRAZILIANS

*The Sertanejo*

THE *sertanejo* lives in the *sertão* because the flag-bearers—his ancestors—settled there when they got tired of searching for slaves or gold. Like them the *sertanejo* is partly Portuguese and partly Indian, and he too is courageous and resourceful.

He may still pan the rivers for gold or diamonds, as what is called a *garimpeiro*. But he is more likely to be engaged in cattle-raising as a *vaqueiro*, spending most of his time in the saddle caring for the vast herds which graze under a blazing sun on these vast uplands. Every year 750,000 steers plod hundreds of miles from the *sertão* to São Paulo to be fattened for market.

But the *sertanejo* is not spoilt by the money he makes in this way. He is very democratic, with no time for any kind of class distinctions. He looks, behaves and dresses exactly like his workers. And he is not really interested in money because it plays little part in his life. Most of his domestic possessions—bed, bags for food and water, clothes and ropes, even the door of his hut—are made of hide from the backs of his own animals. In fact cattle, not coins, are the real currency of the *sertão*.

Nor does the *sertanejo* want money to travel to other parts of the country. He is quite content with a way of life so firmly established that four centuries have not been able to change it. He lives with his family alone on his ranch, in a tiny village or perhaps a small town—and ranches, villages, and



towns are sprinkled very sparsely over the *sertão*, where there are sometimes only two persons to the square mile. That is as the *sertanejo* likes it. A lean man of few words he is as fiercely independent as the flagbearers were and, like them, prefers to live out of reach of authority.

But sometimes he pays a terrible price for his freedom, as when there is a *seca*, a drought, in the north-eastern corner of the *sertão*. Then no rain falls for sometimes two years, cattle die by empty wells, a tin of water sells for sixpence, and the *sertanejo* and his family move away to the south or west.

But for the most part the *sertão* remains a vast and silent space, and the *sertanejo* a rather shadowy figure. Both have a fascination for all other Brazilians. They regard the *sertão* as the place where the flagbearers sought, and sometimes found, great riches in the past and the *sertanejo* as the keeper of still greater riches to be found in the future. The *sertão*, say some Brazilian writers, is the real Brazil, and the *sertanejo* the real Brazilian.

### *The Indian*

Nobody knew, when Cabral discovered Brazil, how many Indians there were in the new land and nobody really knows now. It is certain only that there are many fewer to-day than there were even 100 years ago. One figure is 200,000, but that is only a guess.

Nowadays, except here and there, the Indians cannot be found anywhere near the coast—although not so long ago it was possible to take a



tram from Santos to a near-by beach and see Indians living there as they had done for centuries. In fact almost all the remaining Indians have retreated before the march of civilisation into the jungles of Central Brazil. There they are divided into two groups, the *indios mansos*, or tame Indians, and the *indios bravos*, or savage Indians.

The Carajás are typical *indios mansos*. They live on the upper waters of the Araguaya river, in small villages in which several families share a single hut. They exist mostly by fishing, which they do with bows and arrows, from canoes hollowed out of the trunk of big balsam trees. The Carajás have been in contact with the outer world for many years, and they have suffered as a result—for the white man has brought with him all kinds of strange diseases, influenza, measles, and chicken-pox, which affect these Indians badly.

Some tribes, like the Xavantes, still tend to regard the white man as an enemy. They are apt to pick off with poisoned arrows any unwary traveller who penetrates their territory, and they have been known to shoot even at aeroplanes. However, some of them have become tame enough to help in building air-strips for the aircraft which carry mail, medicines, and other supplies between the jungle outposts of the Indian Protection Service.

The *Servico de Proteção aos Indios* is something quite unique. About fifty years ago the Brazilian Government found that on its maps great areas of Central Brazil were simply marked "unknown territory inhabited by savage Indians". It was decided that these regions should be explored, and the job was given to a soldier.



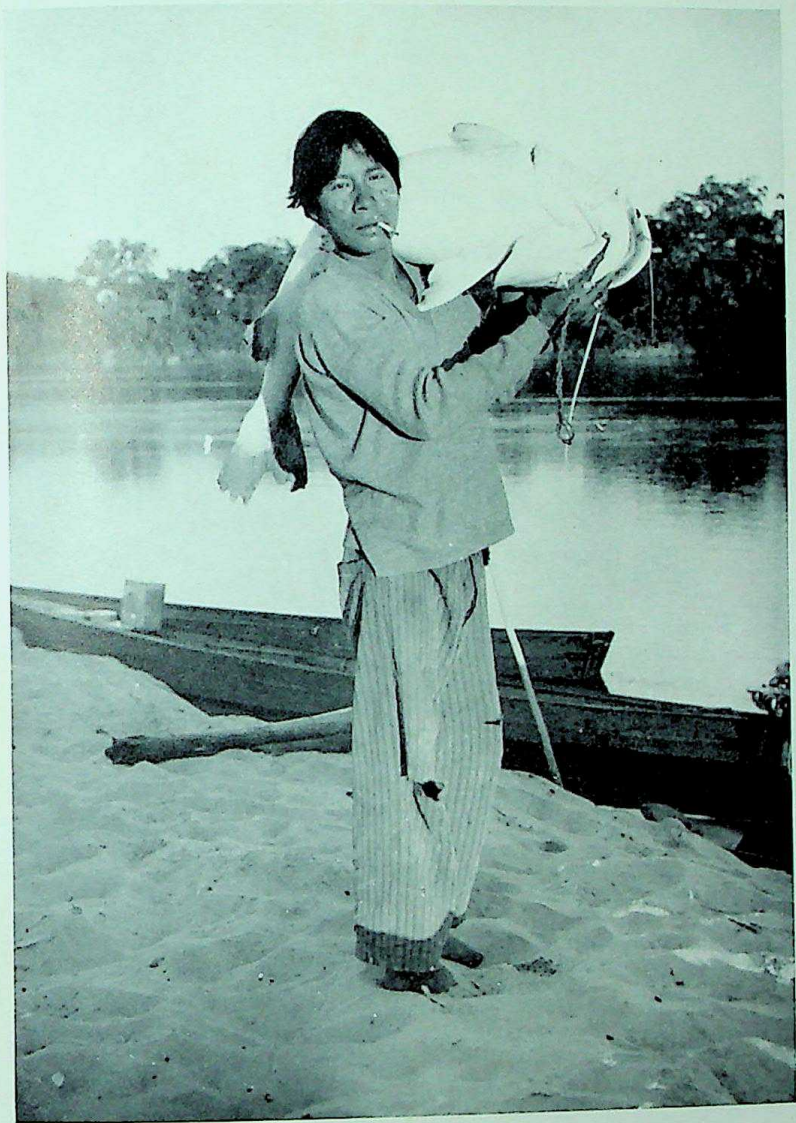
But Marshal Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon was no ordinary soldier. Almost a pure Indian himself, he knew that weapons would achieve nothing with the savages. And so, during sixty-five years of work among them, he never carried a fire-arm. "Die if necessary but never kill" was the motto of Rondon and his men. He preferred to hang knives and other trinkets for the Indians along wires in the jungle, knowing all the time that he was being watched by wild men with poisoned arrows at their bowstrings. Yet he was only shot at once, and then the seven-foot arrow just glanced off a button of his tunic.

Rondon decided from the beginning that the Indians could not be civilised suddenly. In fact he was doubtful if they should be civilised at all. So after gaining their confidence he was careful to preserve their traditions and customs, and he never interfered in quarrels between them unless he was asked. Above all, he set himself to protect the Indians from exploitation by the white man. Instead, he reserved large areas of land where the Indians could continue to live in their own way, and there the Protection Service to-day has nearly 100 outposts to help and advise the tame Indians, and to try to make contact with those still wild.

The gifts that Rondon used to hang in the jungle are now dropped by plane. Sometimes they are welcomed, sometimes pots and pans and other kinds of shiny ironmongery are smashed by the heavy three-edged *bordunas*, the war clubs of the wild Indians.

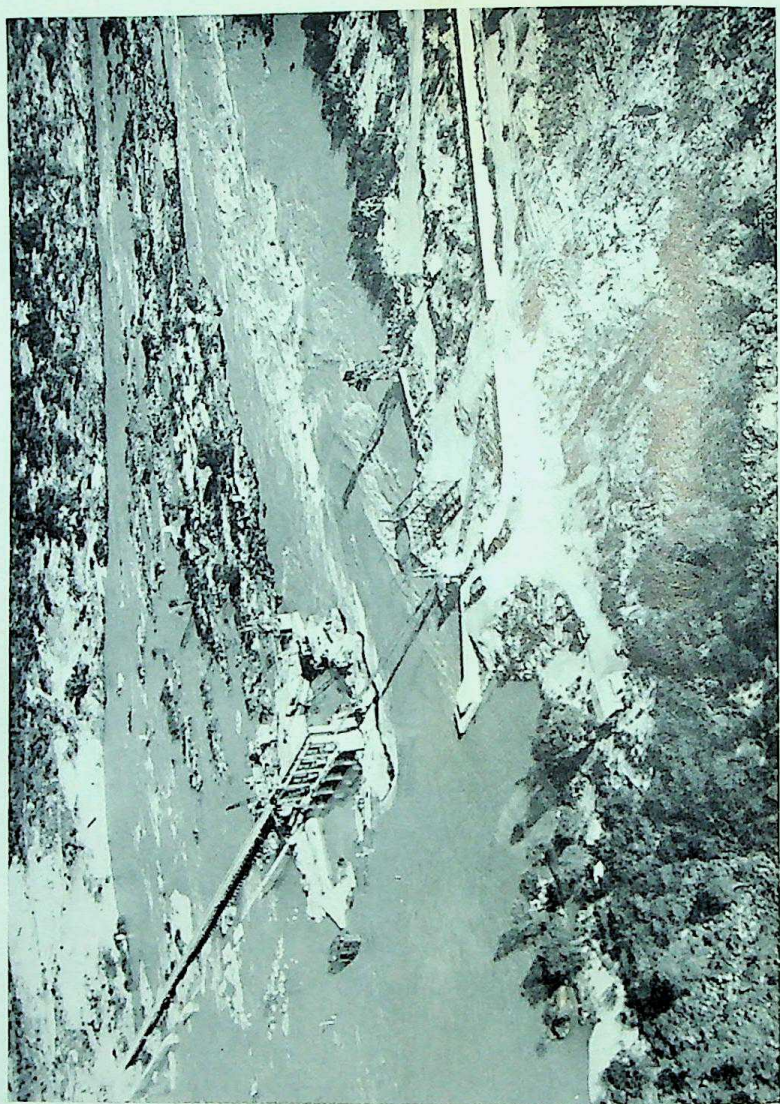
This "soldier who never killed anyone" was also a great explorer. Thanks to him Brazil has





INDIAN FISHERMAN





A NEW HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME : BUILDING THE DAM



peacefully conquered 250,000 square miles of the territory once marked "unknown". Rondon put up more than 15,000 miles of telegraph lines through the jungle. He added fifteen new rivers to the map, accurately placed several others previously thought to have been as much as 100 miles away from their real courses, and filled the National Museum in Rio with thousands of specimens previously unknown to science.

## 25. THE NEW FLAGBEARERS

As we come to the last chapter in this book let us quickly look back over Brazil's story—back to that Easter-tide when Cabral first saw the new land four and a half centuries ago. Then, you remember, came Caramurú, and the captains, the sugar planters and their slaves. There were the missionaries, led by Nobrega and Anchieta, the flagbearers with whom they quarrelled, the seekers for gold and diamonds and the two emperors. Then there was Vargas, builder of modern Brazil, with its factories and farms, its railways, roads, and aircraft. Altogether it is a colourful story, full of brave and sometimes cruel deeds by a people who, although few in a vast land, overcame great obstacles to create a new country. "Brazil", they said, "is the land of the future".

It still is to-day. The last chapter in this book is not the last chapter in the story of Brazil and its people. A new generation of flagbearers is already writing the first chapter of a fresh instalment in that story.



Up the Amazon they are looking for oil in what is thought may be one of the richest oil-bearing regions in the world. Brazil already produces some oil, but only one-fifth of what she uses. Any oil found in the Amazon will help to cut down Brazil's bill for the oil she imports. That bill eats up one-third of all she earns from her exports. Whatever happens the Brazilians will not allow their oil to come under foreign control. "O petróleo é nosso!"—"The oil is ours!"—is their cry to-day.

The new flagbearers are busy up another river, too, the São Francisco, which flows into the Atlantic between Salvador and Rio. Nearly 400 years ago sugar planters and slaves streamed up the São Francisco valley to the newly found gold mines of Minas. To-day, at the majestic Paulo Affonso Falls, 270 feet high, young Brazilian engineers are building great dams, turbines, and generators to supply electric power and water for irrigation over a vast area—just one of many schemes of the same kind in many corners of Brazil.

If these things are exciting, one particular thing now happening in Brazil stands out above all others as a symbol that the pioneering spirit is still very much alive among the Brazilians. What nation in the world to-day would think of building for itself a new capital, designed for 700,000 inhabitants, in a completely unpopulated region? None is not the answer, for this is exactly what the Brazilians are doing.

Ever since the days of the earliest pioneers the people of Brazil have felt the *sertão* calling to them. Now, at last, they are answering the call by building



their new capital deep in that mysterious region. Brasilia is the name of this new city, and it is growing up 550 miles north-west of Rio. A few years ago there was nobody to be seen there, just a landscape of gently rolling hills with mountains ringing the horizon. Now there are engineers, town-planners, architects, and labourers all busy creating a city which will certainly be the most modern in the world.

Brasilia will have everything any capital should have—a cathedral, government offices, parliament buildings, a university, schools, hospitals, radio and television stations, a railway station, a large airport (already finished), and even a zoo. And all will be in the latest styles of architecture, for Brazil already leads the world in buildings of new and impressive design.

The Brazilians are moving their capital for two reasons. One is that Rio, set in narrow valleys among precipitous rocky hills, has no room to expand. The other and more important reason is that by having the capital in Central Brazil it will be more easy to open up the *sertão* and develop its great natural resources.

That will be an enormous task. Yet, as we have seen, the Brazilians have tackled great tasks before. By planting Brasilia in the unknown the new flag-bearers are only following in the footsteps of the old pioneers, and the result of their boldness may be that Brazil will eventually become one of the richest countries in the world. It is not difficult to agree with the Brazilians that their country is indeed “the land of the future”.



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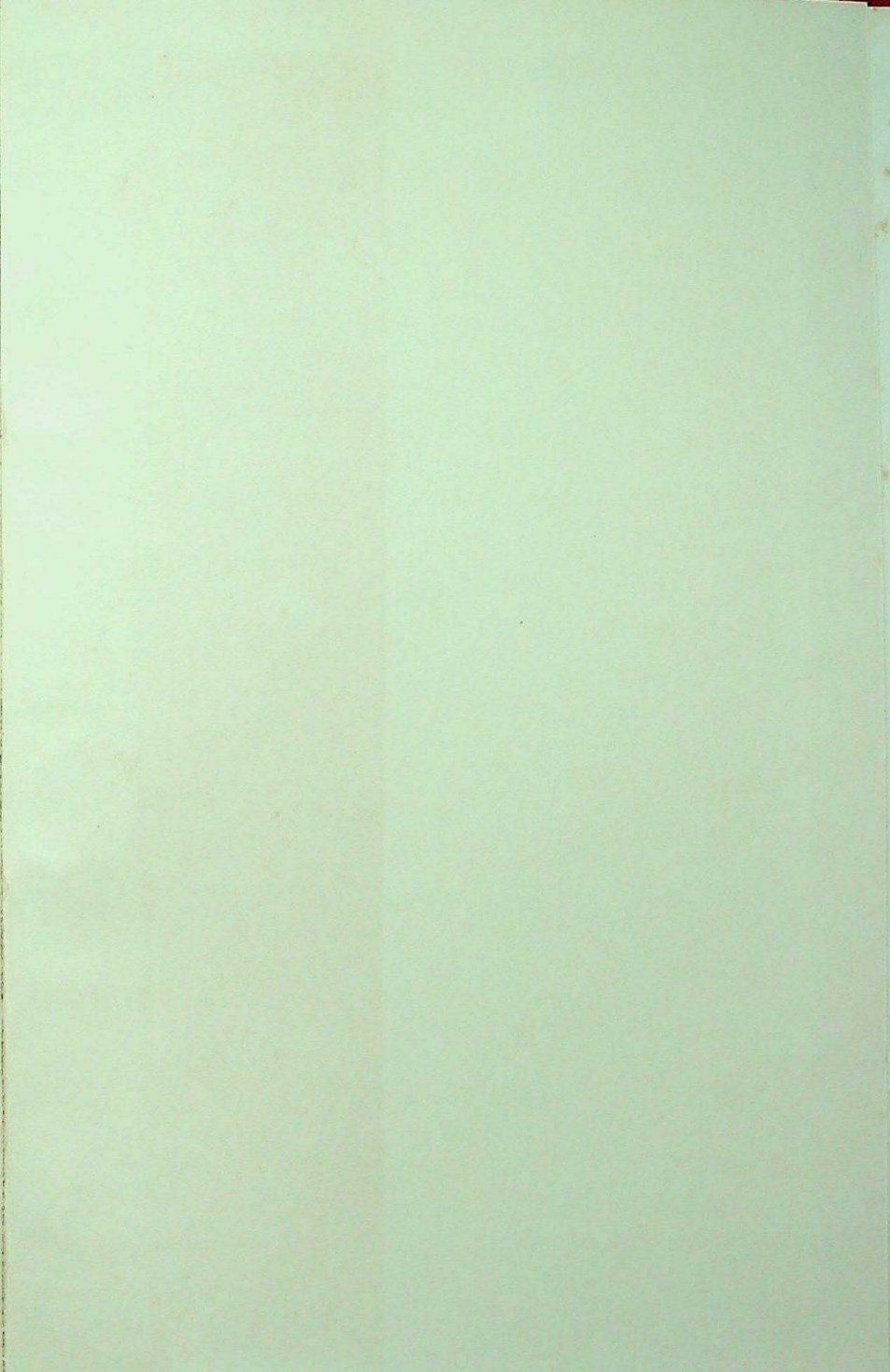
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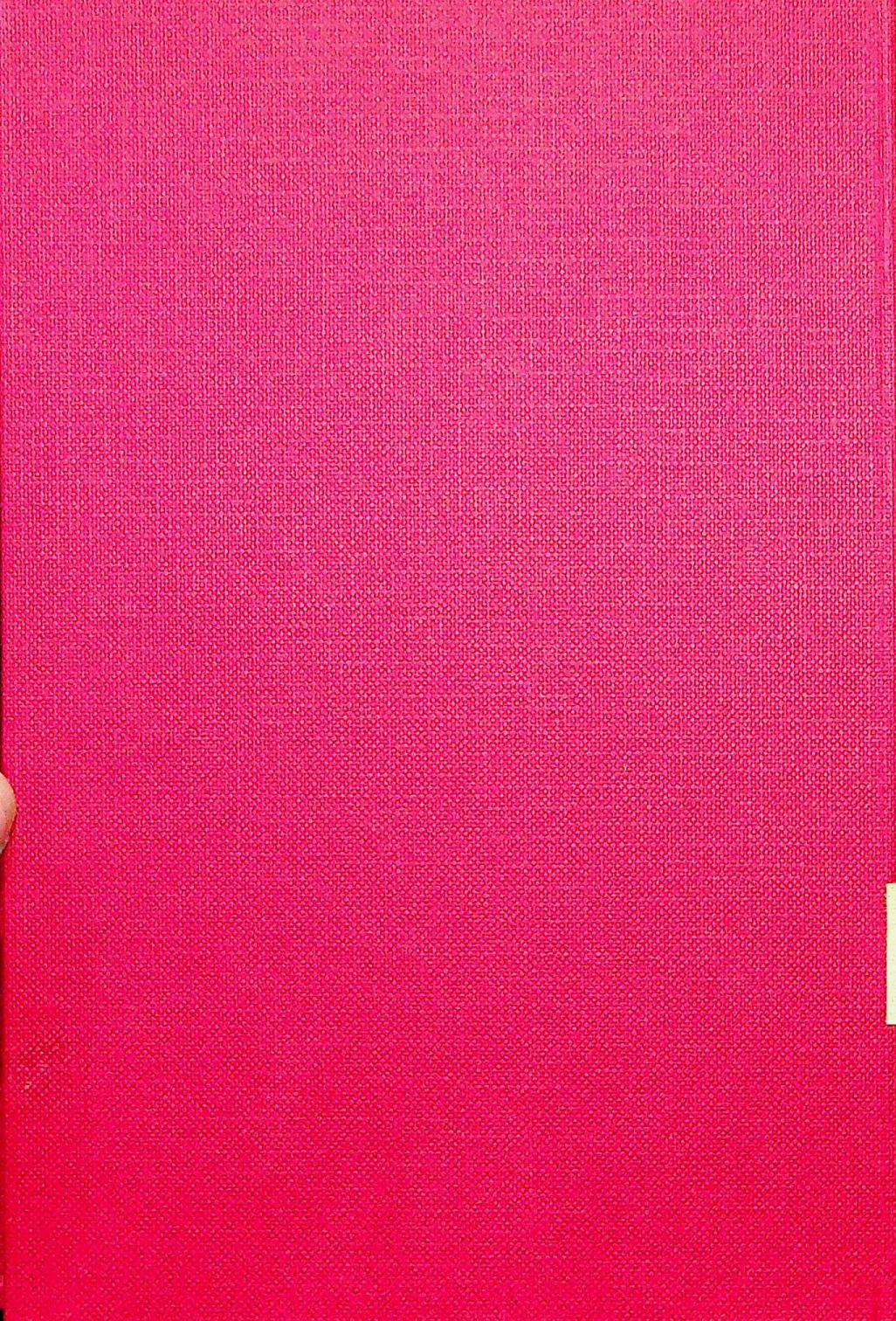
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